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STEINWAY & SONS'

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are now acknowledged the best instruments in America as well as in Europe, having taken thirty-five first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, for

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There were 200 Pianos, from all parts of the world, entered for competition, and the special correspondent of *The Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway's instruments by the jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

"This greatest triumph of American Pianofortes in England has caused a sensation in musical circles throughout the continent, and as a result, the Messrs. Steinway are in constant receipt of orders from Europe, thus inaugurating a new phase in the history of American Pianofortes, by creating in them an article of export."

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Among the many and most valuable improvements introduced by Messrs. Steinway & Sons in their Pianofortes,

THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS

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(For which letters patent were granted to them Nov. 29, 1859.)

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, since that time by Steinway & Sons, in all their Grand and highest priced Square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that hereafter their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" will be introduced in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement.

Testimonials of the most distinguished Artists to Steinway & Sons: "The Pianofortes, Grand, Square, and Upright, manufactured by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, have established for themselves so world-wide a reputation that it is hardly possible for us to add anything to their just fame."

Having thoroughly tested and tried these instruments personally for years, both in public and private, it becomes our pleasant duty to express our candid opinion regarding their unquestioned superiority over any other Piano known to us.

Among the chief points of the uniform excellence of the Steinway Pianos are:

Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

This peculiarity is found exclusively in the Steinway Piano, and together with the marvellous precision, elasticity, and promptness of action always characterizing these instruments, as well as their unequalled durability under the severest trials, is truly surprising, and claims at once the admiration of every artist. We therefore consider the Steinway Pianos in all respects the best instruments made in this country or in Europe, use them solely and exclusively ourselves in public or private, and recommend them unreservedly to our friends and the Public.

We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the the Pianos of various makers, but freely and unhesitatingly pronounce Messrs. Steinway & Sons' Pianos superior to them all.

S. B. MILES, ROBERT HELLER, A. H. FRANK, HENRY G. DORCE, THOMAS HALL, THOMAS HALL, HENRY C. TIER, WM. BRIDGE, C. BERGMANN, GEO. W. MORGAN, L. MURDO, MAX JANKIN, THOMAS T. MANN, CARL ANSCHUTZ, CARL WOLFGANG, F. L. RUTHER, F. BRUNDEL, B. WOLFGANG, THOMAS MORGAN, CHAS. WELLS, F. VON BERNHARDT.

Letter from the Artists of the Italian and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists.

New York, December, 1864.

Messrs. Steinway & Sons—Gentlemen:—Having used your Pianos for some time in public and in private, we desire to express our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits.

We find in them excellencies which no other Pianos known to us possess to the same perfection. They are characterized by a sonority, harmonious roundness and richness of tone, combined with an astonishing prolongation of sound, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice, to a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never met with any instruments, not even of the most celebrated manufacturers of Europe, which have given us such entire satisfaction, especially as regards their unequalled qualities for accompanying the voice, and keeping in tune so long a time, as your Pianos; and we therefore cheerfully recommend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally.

MAX MARSTINE, CARL BERGMANN, CARL ANSCHUTZ, B. MARSHALL, ELISA D'ASCHI, KARL FORNER, FRED. BELLINI, PEDRO DE ABELLA, THOMAS HALL, W. LOTTI, E. MILLER, FRANK HINKE, JOSEPH HINKE, JOS. WEINLECH, P. MARZOLINI, BERTHA JOHANNSEN, D. B. LOREN, GIUSEPPE TAMARCO, MAINE FREDERICK, CARLOTTA C. ZUCCHI, ISIDORO LERMAN, PAULINE CARLINA, MRS. J. VAN ZANT, H. STEINACKER, PAULINE CARLINA.

Letter from the Excellent Musician and Celebrated Composer of "When the Swallow Homecoming Fly," FRANZ ABT.

BREUSWICK (Germany), September 10, 1860.

Messrs. Steinway & Sons—Gentlemen:—A short time ago I had occasion of meeting with, and trying one of your Patent Overstrung Grand Concert Pianos, which had been brought here by Mr. Honsnack, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my unqualified admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could excel yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such power of the base, and roundness of the middle tones, such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and withal such complete uniformity of the various octaves, I have, so far, never met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufactures of Europe. The elasticity of touch is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the resiliency of tone, that in spite of the distant transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one string out of tune. I am satisfied that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makes, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years. Very respectfully yours, FRANK ABT.

BROOKLYN, January, 26, 1861.

Messrs. Steinway—I regard him as a benefactor who builds a good Piano, and I am your beneficiary on that account. Having had one of your instruments for several years, I can bear witness to its admirable qualities in every respect. I am more than satisfied, and if I had to buy another, I should certainly go to your rooms again. It is a pleasure to praise your work. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

From "A Discourse on Pianos," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

N. Y. Independent, Dec. 1, 1860. Upon a lucky day, a Steinway Piano stood in our parlor. For power, fulness, richness, and evenness of tone, it was admirable; nor do we believe we could better in our choice. In our summer home it stands yet, a musical angel; and our wish is that the day may come when every working man in America may have a good Steinway Piano. WAREHOUSES, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

FROM MISS DEBORAH DUNN'S PRIVATE LETTERS TO THE BOUDOIR.

DEBORAH'S EFFORTS TO WRITE A "SPRIGHTLY" STORY, AND THE HARROWING RESULTS.

Some time ago, the editor of the *Mignonette* sent a request to me to write a "sprightly" story for his valuable and influential paper. As I had been sending him a series of highly wrought, pathetic tales, calculated to draw tears from a heart of stone, all of them ending with the death of the hero or heroine, or both, I regarded the request as somewhat of a slur upon my previous efforts. However, I forgave him, and, as I am of an obliging disposition, I immediately set to work to clear my brain of the bleeding hearts, the dying confessions, the poisons, and the daggers, and to refurnish it with everything that was "sprightly." Before I got through, I wished that editor was—in the Editor's Pantomimium, wherever that may be. To this day, I have never been able to decide in my own mind whether he made the request in ignorance of the magnitude of the task, or because he hoped it would put an end to me, and he would never hear of me again.

Disappointment and sorrow are so universally the portion of mankind, that materials for a mournful story are never wanting. It is also easy to tell how John and Jenny loved, what misfortunes befel them, and how they got married at last. It is no trouble whatever to write poetry; the only difficulty is to find anybody to read it after it is written. With a lot of old jest books, and obsolete or foreign plays, and ludicrous spelling, anybody can be funny. To be witty is more difficult, but with a good memory, the thing is not impossible. But I here assert (and I challenge any one to prove the contrary) that to be "sprightly" requires the highest efforts of human genius.

The first thing necessary was, of course, to put myself in a proper frame of mind. Susie is called a sprightly girl, and I listened to all her remarks with a profound and thoughtful attention, to which she is unaccustomed, and which flattered her extremely. But it seemed to me that her discourse might often be termed flippant by evil-disposed critics. Hearing that the Sunday papers were models of sprightly writing, I fell to studying them with great zeal; but I soon found, Carlyle to the contrary notwithstanding, that the Accredited Semblance is better than the Actual Reality of Things. Then I had recourse to the Mercantile Library, and for the space of three weeks the librarians were kept on a lunatic search for every book that was "sprightly." I hope they will have their reward. I had mine, for, at the end of that time, I held the key of the dwelling of sprightliness—fluting fault with everybody and everything. Whenever these writers had anything agreeable or comfortable to say, they became serious at once.

I then cast about me to see what I could find to put me in a bad humor. If I was of a dyspeptic tendency, this would be easy; but, not being so, the next best thing was to go and see the Smith girls up in Fifth avenue. I go there whenever I want to mortify the flesh (which is synonymous with to get cross), for they have everything that we girls at home would give our eyes and ears for; and not having such elevated ideas of what is refined and elegant as we have, it follows, as a logical sequence, that all that is theirs should be ours.

Having spent a day there, I felt equal to being "sprightly," and launched boldly into my story, and went swimmingly on to the end. But when I read it over, it seemed to me more lugubrious than the most heart-rending of my previous narratives. I could not summon up the ghost of a smile. With many misgivings I unfolded the manuscript one evening in the sitting-room, and read it aloud to the family. But they all laughed in the proper places, and were so much entertained by it, and said it was so good, that I felt quite delighted, and posted it off to the *Mignonette* the next day, thinking my miseries were over.

I had discovered what a fearful bore it is to try to be "sprightly." I had yet to learn what a terrible thing it is to succeed. Mrs. Clare Thornton has not spoken to me since she read my unlucky story. She fancies herself the heroine. Her husband went to see Pa about it, and poor Pa made the matter worse by exclaiming: "Oh, no! Debby never

meant the 'Why, Clara, (my heroine), is a great beauty, you know!' I can survive the loss of Mrs. Clare Thornton's society; but my cousin Debby, who is worth a 'plum,' for which I have to bear my fearful name, has withdrawn the light of her countenance from our whole household, because she thinks the aged spinster of the tale is her venerable self, this same spinster not being an object to be universally admired. Some of my friends won't invite me to their houses, for fear that I shall 'take them off.' I have heard of two young men who have become so disgusted with the world since reading my story, that they contemplate committing suicide. Strange and harrowing effect of being 'sprightly!' That editor looks hale and hearty, but I am told that he never reads his own paper.

I think I shall return to the bleeding hearts and the poisons. They have disturbed nobody's peace of mind that I have heard of, and I prefer the soothing style of writing.

Susie suggests that the reason my bloody-murder stories are so soothing is that the poisons must contain a strong infusion of laudanum. This is a "sprightly" remark, I suppose; but I must say I fail to see the point in it, as I have introduced a great variety of poisons into my stories, carefully consulting the *Materia Medica* for that purpose.

But, notwithstanding my care, I have made some palpable mistakes in making up my poison prescriptions. It is strange that the critics have never pounced down upon them; but, wonderful as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that the critics have never meddled with me at all, or said anything whatever about me. The probability is, that they are so absorbed in the interest of my stories, that they have no time to look into those small matters which usually engage the attention of critics.

And so I am able to write quite fearlessly, without a thought of the critics, or what they may say of me.

(From the London Saturday Review.)

MR. TUPPER AS A DRAMATIST.

To plain people, the position of a man of true genius with an established reputation seems one of unalloyed happiness. Internally, he has the ever-present consolation of his own noble thoughts; while, externally, he is surrounded by the grateful admiration of the public whom he has instructed and amused, made wiser and happier. The love of his contemporaries, and the consciousness of his own insight and power, might, one would think, combine to fill his soul with tranquil yet glowing bliss. But uneasy lies the head that wears the laurel. No more than the crown of royalty, does the garland of bay always bring peace to the possessor. The fiery soul working out its way, and ever informing the tenement of clay, is naturally not invariably a pleasant or a peaceful tenant. A man of genius is wont to think nothing done while aught remains to do. If he has won imperishable fame in one pursuit, he is eager to earn as much renown in every other. Success as a lyric poet counts for nothing until he has achieved success in the drama as well. Each Muse in turn must yield to the ardent assaults of the vagrant worshipper.

A remarkable example of this restlessness of genius may be found in the five-act tragedy which Mr. Martin Tupper has just presented to his faithful public. Not content with having outshone the lustre of Bacon, once the wisest of all philosophers, he aspires to snatch the laurel from the brow of Shakespeare, hitherto the greatest of all dramatists. Henceforth, in the dramatic art, as in all other things, the historian of the human intellect will divide his subject into the Pre-Tupperian and Post-Tupperian ages. Those whom unkind destiny made to exist in the almost Cimmerian darkness of the Pre-Tupperian period will be of small account in the annals of the race. Aristotle, Bacon, Shakespeare were lights perhaps as bright as their times could endure. But the torch has now been entrusted to a mightier runner in the race. With the modesty of real greatness, the dramatist of the future nominally admits that Shakespeare is "the great exemplar of us all," though it may be noticed that, as a matter of fact, it is quite impossible for his most malignant enemy to accuse Mr. Tupper of having stooped to imitate his predecessor in historic drama. But though patriotic prejudice—for even the greatest of

* *Raleigh: his Life and his Death.* A Historical Play, in five acts. By Martin P. Tupper. London, John Mitchell, 1866.

mortals are not exempt from this—may blind the chief apostle of our era to the inferiority of the Pre-Tupperian Shakespeare, we are glad to find that respect for tradition does not induce him weakly to spare the Pre-Tupperian Aristotle. "Aristotle's dogma as to the unities," he says loftily, "might have been all very well for the infancy of the drama, when a few rustics, smeared with wine-lees, impersonated in a cart for the honorarium of a goat." We fear that a hasty perusal of the article on Thespis in Lempriere is scarcely likely to give anybody a quite exhaustive account of the Greek drama, because the famous trio of tragedians, as it happened, came after Thespis. The plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles and Euripides were not, we believe, impersonated in a cart by a few rustics smeared with wine-lees; and as the last of them was born a century before Aristotle, it is fair to suppose that, in talking about the unities and the rest, he was not referring entirely to the mythic ages of the drama. However, the Greeks were no doubt a parcel of miserable creatures, Aristotle and his rustics included: and what was quite enough for them would be "absurd and impossible in our advanced age, and no wise dramatist will be bound by it." They are all superseded.

The superficial, shallow teaching of the *Ethics* is seen at its true worth when compared with the sublimer wisdom of our Proverbial Philosopher. And he now invites us to consider by the light of his tragedy the trashiness of those overrated men, the ancient dramatists who smeared their faces with wine-lees, and declaimed for a goat. Mr. Tupper has benignly informed his friends how he came to turn dramatist. "This play has crystallized quickly and lately out of a small literary misadventure." He had been meditating a Life of Sir Walter Raleigh. Dissatisfied, we presume, with the reflection that what he had written hitherto was only read by young ladies with very weak minds, he resolved to write something which grown-up men might find at least endurable. The bays which the weak-headed young ladies had twined round his brow—and which, by the way, have been unaccountably left out in the bust of himself prefixed by the author to his recent editions—were not an adequate recognition of his more substantial merits. So the philosopher restlessly aspired to become historian. After having come to this resolve, and after fixing on Raleigh for a theme, he began to read about his proposed hero. Most men would have read first, and bethought themselves that Raleigh was a hero afterwards. But then most men, unhappily for the world, are very unlike Mr. Tupper. He evolved a conception of Raleigh out of his own inner consciousness, and then hastened outside to find material for a book about him. At this point the misadventure began. He found the ground pre-occupied. There were biographies of Raleigh in abundance. The being evolved from the inner consciousness grew pale and unpleasant at the dawn of fact. Still something must be done. The restlessness of true genius cannot be resisted or conquered. If the philosopher and the lyric poet could not add success as an historian to his roll of glories, he would turn dramatist:—

It suddenly occurred to me that there had been no fair dramatic impersonation of Sir Walter Raleigh, neither could I call to mind any just histrionic sketch of the special temperaments of Elizabeth and James, whereupon immediately this play found out.

Nothing could surpass the easy simplicity of this process; the play flowed out, and then "crystallized quickly." The crystal is worth looking at, as showing how a profound philosopher is capable also of true poetic fervor and the power of dramatic realization when he is urged on by the uneasy impulses of genius, to which Mr. Tupper once confessed before, when he told us that from the very bowels of his soul lava torrents war and roll, and his hot thoughts in language pent stand their own granite monument. What in the department of lyric poetry roars and rolls and bardens into a granite monument, in the drama flows out mildly and becomes a crystal.

The way in which King James is first introduced gives the reader an excellent assurance that Mr. Tupper is as mighty in his grasp of dramatic art as he is profound in solving the puzzles of philosophy. At the beginning of the fifth act Raleigh is brought before the Council, and into the presence of the King. "Stand thou by, thou traitor, Raleigh," exclaims Coke, the Attorney-General. It is perhaps

scarcely worth mentioning that it was not the Privy Council, but the Court of King's Bench, to which Raleigh was brought to receive the fatal sentence, and that Coke had been promoted from the position of Attorney-General twelve years before. One must not be too particular about these points. Genius soars far above the dull level of chronological accuracy. After Coke has told Raleigh to stand by, we are introduced to the "just histrionic sketch" of the King thus:—

King (severely).
We have heard rawly of thee, upon my awl.
[The councillors murmur approbation.]

Horace says, that a comic subject should not be handled in tragic phrase; so Mr. Tupper no doubt believes in the converse, that a tragic subject ought to be treated with tragic severity of verse. Raleigh proceeds to argue that, as the Queen had commissioned him, and as England was then at war with Spain, his depredations on the Spanish marine were neither misdemeanors, nor felonious, nor treasonous. Whereupon the just histrionic sketch is resumed:—

King.
By my awl, man, but you've caught me; only for this,
Being as he said in time of war, he's scoundrel;
A battleship on the high seas is a pirate;
What says the Lord Chief Justice? Is it so?

The Chief Justice then admits that Raleigh's defence is good, on which Coke falls back upon the old conviction for treason. "Sooth, a man, that's sooth!" exclaims the King, and after Raleigh's appeal, he says with majestic dignity, "Man, ye man die." He is equally obdurate to Lady Raleigh:—

King.
I tell ye, nay, dame; I mean have the lord,
I mean have it for Carr. Here (to Carr) lead her off.

Altogether, in the whole play, twenty-three lines are put into the King's mouth, and this Mr. Tupper calls a just histrionic sketch of his special temperament. Queen Elizabeth is a personage of not less dignity, and her first appearance is not less magnificent. Raleigh throws down his cloak, saying, "Thus let me bridge it for your Majesty."

Queen.
Bridget, quotha! didst say thy Bridget wove it.
[The courtiers laugh.]

Raleigh.
My liege, the flashing of such ready wit
Becomes a court so brilliant.

On occasion, however, the Queen can ascend to indelible dramatic passion. She finds Raleigh making love to a maid of honor, and after calling her "baggage and hussey" pretty liberally, and threatening to "claw her cheeks," winds up thus:—

Queen.
What to our face?
Vixen, thou loost! loving him, quotha!
Look, I will tear him from his daisy helms
And fling him in the mire, where that witch'd cloak
Bridged him to fortune. Hussey! with my knight!
[The Queen swoops away in a rage.]

It is to be hoped that pedants will cease to talk of Cassandra and Clytemnestra and Medea after this. The chivalrous Essex is equally skilfully portrayed. He is jealous of Raleigh's favor with the Queen, and he relieves his feelings by crying—

Gadsooth! the badgerow harriard flies too high,
And he must be o'rfalconed.

After using up "Gadsooth," his next speech begins with "Fore Heaven," and after this he is forced to fall back on plain "Ha! How!" and "Ha!" Indeed, this is the sum and substance of what he has to say. Raleigh, as the hero, is naturally a much more temperate character. There is perhaps a slight anachronism in making him talk as nobody could possibly have talked who lived in the dark ages, when the PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY was not written. Gondomar, too, says things, which would have made him an endless reputation at the modern tea-table, if he could only have survived to our day. Mr. Tupper so far complies with ordinary tragic usage as to put a mournful retrospect of the past into the mouth of the unfortunate hero. As might be anticipated, it is a very different thing indeed from the corresponding speeches of Antigone or Ajax or Wolsey or Desdemona:—

Lo now,—my glories all have passed away!—
You brilliant Eldorado, vanity;
My pretty Jersey-princedom, vanity;
My colonies and adventures, vanity;
Those earliest courtier days, all vanity;
My Sherborne gardens, and grand Durham House,
My jewels, and my silver coat of mail,
My very hose accost with diamond sparks,
My splendid masques and tournaments,—vanity;
And then, mine eldest born killed in Guiana,
My good name ruined, and my fortunes wrecked,
My hopes and fears, my glory and my shame,
All vanity made up of vanities.

The notion of making a hero on the eve of death appeal to his "very hose" in proof of the vanity of all things is too sublimely pathetic to escape the notice of the dullest reader. There is a touch here which the rustic strollers with smeared faces could never have approached or dreamt of.

It would be simply laughable to criticise the structure of the plot of "RALEIGH." We can only say that it is below even the Tupperian standard, and the force of nature can no further go. It is the sort of thing which a school-girl might write after she had been once or twice to the play, and had drenched her mind with Proverbial Philosophy. It is not even funny, and this marks a distinct decay in Mr. Tupper's wonderful powers.

A MERE MATTER OF FORM.—False calves.

THE POLITICIAN'S LITTLE GAME.—Cribbage.

A VERY FOOLISH MAXIM.—Maximilian.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser.)
SONS OF THE CAPE.
A MELLOW-DRAMA.

BY MR. HEISTER AND DR. JOHNS.

[As performed at the Boston Museum for the 94th time.]

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—The curtain rises disclosing Nantucket and a strong smell of salt fish. Enter Mr. SHEWELL as DANIEL STANDISH, in a checked shirt, and Miss DENIN as Miss BREWSTER in a new dress.

Mr. Shewell—Well, here we are again.
Miss Denin—You, here we are. I wonder how much longer this play is going to run.
Mr. Shewell—I don't know, confound it!—but let us go on with our parts. Good morning, Miss Brewster; I'm going to sea in the "Lucky John."
Miss Denin—No! Are you? Then take this gold anchor.

Mr. Shewell—Thank you. [He pins the anchor to his coat.] It shall be a sign that I shall ever 'anker after you.

Miss Denin—Nay, for shame! Do not say that.
[Exit into the house.]

Mr. Wallace, as THEODORE ORDWIN, the merchant's son, appears at back.

Mr. Wallace—What were you saying to Miss Brewster? Standish, I hate you! You are going to be one of those self-made men, and I am bound to crush you.

Mr. Shewell—[Factionously.] Shiver my timbers if I care.

Enter Mrs. VINCENT and Mrs. WILLIAMS.

Mrs. Vincent—My child, Captain Wellfleet, the master of the "Lucky John," has made you his heir.

Mrs. Williams—Has he? How very kind of him.

Enter Mr. TURNER as CAPTAIN WELLFLEET. Also the MACYS, STANBUCKS, GARDINERS, and other prominent Nantucket people, dressed in the costume of the period.

Also Miss CARY as ROSE STANDISH.

Mr. Shewell—Farewell, my friends. [He embraces the ladies all around several times, and seems to like it.]

The prominent Nantucket people sing a little song and dance a codfish reel.

Mr. Turner—Well, thank goodness, I've got through with my part, because I die before the next act.

CURTAIN FALLS.

[An imaginary interval of three years, during which Mr. Turner goes up to the Boston Theatre.]

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Half the stage represents the interior of a room; the other half, the top of a large number of houses, with the State House in the distance.

Enter Mr. WALLACE and Mr. MCCLANNIN as Mr. Wallace's father.

Mr. McClannin—Some time ago, my son, when I was sick, I signed a paper turning over all my property to you. Now I have completely recovered and I want my money back again.

Mr. Wallace—[In a harsh and unfeling manner.] Well, you can't have it, if you do want it.

Mr. McClannin—Nay, say not so!

Mr. Wallace—And, hark ye! If you don't cork up, and go about your business, I will send you to a lunatic asylum. I will show you I have read Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash" to some purpose.

Mr. McClannin—Nay, do not crush me thus. [He appears crushed.]

Enter Miss DENIN, in a new dress, (price \$175.)

Miss Denin—In the language of A. Ward, why, Oh why is this thus? [Not receiving any satisfactory answer, she leads off Mr. McClannin. Exit Mr. Wallace.]

Enter Mr. J. A. SMITH in a surprising new suit of clothes as Mr. PEARL PATHIC, followed by Mr. RING.

Mr. J. A. Smith—I haven't been able to make out exactly what they put me into this play for. They might have left me out of this act, any way. However, I suppose I might as well dawdle. [He dawdles.]

Enter Mr. WARREN as DR. GRUNSKULL. The audience laugh.

Mr. Warren—[Factionously.] That's the point. [The audience laugh frantically and one stout lady goes into strong hysterics, and is carried out by the gentlemanly policeman in attendance.]

Mr. Warren—I am the doctor of Gummocophy and the war coco pulvis. [He repeats several hard words from the dictionary. The audience grow uproariously hilarious.]

Mr. Warren—What a jolly good thing it is to have a reputation for being funny, eh, Smith!

Mr. J. A. Smith—That's so! [He dawdles. Exit Mr. Warren and Mr. J. A. Smith.]

Enter Shewell in a nautical costume, with Mrs. Vincent.

Mr. Shewell—My dear aunt, I have just returned from a three years' cruise.

Mrs. Vincent—Get out! You smell of tar!

Mr. Shewell—Captain Wellfleet is dead, and he has left me a handsome sum of money.

Mrs. Vincent—Then my nose deceived me.

Mr. Shewell—I think I will get behind these window-curtains. [He carries out his praiseworthy idea.]

Mrs. Vincent goes out left 2d entrance. Enter Miss DENIN through door in flat, in another new dress (price \$325), followed by Mr. Wallace, who locks the door after him and pockets the key.

Mr. Wallace—Instantly sign this paper, promising to marry me, or I will repeat to the world the Scandal of the Cape!

Miss Denin—[Who, together with Mr. Wallace, the audience and the authors of the play, don't perceive that she can go out of the other door, after Mrs. Vincent.] Wretch, I don't exactly know what you mean by the Scandal of the Cape, but I had rather you wouldn't.

[Mr. Warren suddenly appears above the roof of a house, in the other half of the scene, on a ladder. In-

mens delight of the audience, who haven't been able before to discover the use of the ladders.]

Mr. Warren—That's the point! [He tumbles off the ladder. The audience become convulsed with laughter.]

Mr. Wallace—Sign, or I shall instantly proceed to blast your reputation.

Mr. Shewell—[Emerging from the window-curtains and catching the door key.] No! Blast me if you shall! [Mr. Warren tumbles in through the window. Tableau.]

CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Nantucket and a flat house. Water and ships in the distance. Enter rich and fashionable people in yellow linen blouses and lawn dresses from a picnic. They sing:

Oh! Let us be jolly!
Away melancholy!
An hour more for folly!
Sardines and good cheer!
Be merry then, Polly,
And Fanny and Molly!
We'll have no diabolical long faces, here.

They go off. JACK HERSEY and TOM SALTER appear. Tom SALTER—[In a curiously cracked voice, the only really funny thing in the play.] Let's go and freshen the nip.

Jack Hersey—Heave ahead my hearty! [They proceed to freshen their nips.]

Enter Miss DENIN in another new dress, (price \$425) followed by Mr. SHEWELL.

Mr. Shewell—Miss Lucy Fountain, I mean Miss Brewster, I have ever loved you. Accept my hand.

Miss Denin—Nay, David Dodd, which I mean to say Daniel Standish, I don't think I like you quite well enough for that.

Mr. Shewell—Then let despair feed upon my vitals. [He goes out for that purpose. Exit Mr. Wallace.]

Mr. Wallace—Again, Miss Brewster, allow me to offer you my hand.

Miss Denin—Excuse me, I cannot talk with you to-day. I have a previous engagement.

[Exit Mr. Wallace.]

Enter Mr. J. A. SMITH in an entirely new and wonderfully cut midshipman's uniform. He proceeds to dawdle.

Miss Denin—Good morning, Mr. Pathic.

Mr. J. A. Smith—This is my new yacht club dress and here is my yacht. Let us take a sail. [A sail boat is brought up by JACK HERSEY. Miss DENIN, regardless of appearances, sails off in it with Mr. J. A. SMITH and JACK.]

Enter Mr. SHEWELL with his vitals evidently still unimpaired. He looks through spy glass.

Mr. Shewell—What! Miss Brewster out there with that land lubber, and a storm-brewing! [He gets into another boat with TOM SALTER and the land-scape sails of. The sea cloths are shaken violently; the stage is darkened; and Mr. Shewell's boat is pitched about a good deal. Exit Mr. Shewell's boat.]

Jammed party in the crowd standing up at the back of the theatre. If gentlemen will please get off my toes and take their elbows out of my ribs, I shall see a good deal more comfortable. [Jammed party is instantly taken out by gentlemanly policeman.]

Enter Miss DENIN's boat.

Mr. J. A. Smith—Confound this tiresome play! Why couldn't they send Mr. Wallace out in the boat? That would be more like "Love Me Little, Love Me Long." [He forgets to dawdle.]

Miss Denin—[who is rocked about a good deal.] Rock ahead!

Tom SALTER—No, there isn't.

Mr. J. A. Smith—I fear I am going to be taken poorly. [He is taken poorly.]

Exit Miss DENIN's boat.

First sea-cloth shaker to second do. Blest if I ain't going to strike for higher wages. This work is awful wearing to the constitution.

The two boats chase each other on and off several times amidst the great excitement of the audience. Finally Miss DENIN's boat is shivered on an iceberg, its crew are picked up by Mr. Shewell's boat and the whole party land on Minot's Ledge (or some other) lighthouse. Curtain falls on a very nice scene by Mr. Heister.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—Gorgeous apartment, with chandelier, etc. Miss Mestayer, who, as Sunflower, a lady's maid, has made the audience laugh several times, already, without saying a great deal, does so again. Exit Miss Mestayer.

Enter Miss DENIN and Mr. WALLACE, the former in another new dress (price \$763.)

Miss Denin—I find poor Daniel Standish has been refused command of his ship by the owners.

Mr. Wallace—Yes! I blackened his character to them.

Miss Denin—Did you? Then he shall have a new one. [She rings the bell and orders a ship.]

Enter Mr. J. A. SMITH in another extremely new suit of clothes.

Mr. J. A. Smith—Miss Brewster, I come to pawp—to offer you my heart and hand.

Miss Denin—Don't make a fool of yourself! [Exit.]

Enter Mr. WARREN and Mrs. WILLIAMS.

Mr. Warren—That's the point! [The audience, who are beginning to get tired of the joke, don't laugh.]

Mrs. Williams—How do you do, Doctor.

Mr. Warren—Quite well, I thank you. By the way, do you know I'm going to marry your mother, Mrs. Martin?

Mrs. Williams—No, but as my mother has already buried three husbands, and as our latest advice are that Captain Wellfleet left his money to me instead of her, I think you had much better marry me.

Mr. Warren—With all my heart! The very thing I was about to propose. [Exit Mr. Warren and Mrs. Williams.]

Enter Mr. WALLACE and his father, Mr. MCCLANNIN. Mr. Wallace—I have here a promise of marriage, signed by Miss Brewster. I want Captain Wellfleet's will.

Mr. McClannin—Strange, she should not have told me. However, here's the will, which leaves his whole fortune to Mr. Daniel Standish Shewell, provided he marries Miss Catharine Brewster Denin.

Mr. Wallace—Hah! [He burns the will.]

Enter Miss DENIN, in another new dress (price \$1125, without the trimmings.)

Mr. Wallace—[To her.] If you do not instantly marry me, I shall sue you for breach of promise, and also proclaim to the world the Scandal of the Cape.

Enter Mr. SHEWELL.

Mr. Shewell—That promise of marriage was written over a signature of Miss Brewster, fraudulently obtained by you. Likewise, here is another copy of Captain Wellfleet's will, and there are five or six more copies scattered about in different places.

Mr. Wallace—C—n—s—n! [He seems to feel very bad about it.]

Mr. Shewell—Nay, then cheer up. I don't think you such a bad sort of fellow after all. We both came from Nantucket, so here's my hand. [They shake hands, and afterwards embrace each other fondly.]

Miss Denin—Daniel, I always loved you.

Mr. Shewell—No! Did you though. [They embrace.] And now let's have that ball.

[Curtain opens at the back and displays another nice scene by Mr. Heister. The audience begin to smell the denouement and go out. All the characters join in a dance à la "Rosedale." Afterwards they have a chorus to wind up the play. Meanwhile the audience have been gradually leaving and the curtain falls on empty benches. As the people go down stairs into the street, they observe the Manager and the Treasurer in the box office chuckling over the receipts.]

[From Punch, Feb. 24.]

GREAT LITERARY SALE.

Though not disposed to go all lengths with Mr. Bright, and to declare that America is Paradise, inhabited only by angels, we have no objection to take a hint from our smart Transatlantic relations. It seems that they sell the Dead Letters which lie at their Post Offices. A great sale of this kind has just taken place at New York, and all kinds of articles, found in the unclaimed despatches, have been got rid of by auction.

It has occurred to Mr. PUNCH, that in these days of dear meat and outrageous millinery, he may as well turn an honest penny by the sale of his Dead Letters; that is, the effusions of ninety-eight per cent. of his Correspondents.

He hereby gives notice therefore, that the first Dead Letter Sale will take place at a date to be announced in future bills.

Among the letters will be found the following interesting lots:

Five hundred and ninety-seven bad jokes upon the name of Governor Eyre, recommending Jamaica to try "change of Eyre," congratulating him on "cutting the Gordon knot," &c., &c.

Nearly a thousand intimations (warranted original) that the Pope's Bull has got the Rinderpest.

Fifty-three attempts at pathetic poetry on a subject which needs no bad verse to ensure its being remembered, the loss of the LONDON.

Eighty-six caricatures of Dr. Pusey, with epigrams, the point of which is usually Pusey.

Ninety-seven caricatures of Mr. Spurgeon, with epigrams, the point of which is usually Sturgeon.

Forty-three protests against Lord Russell's trying to increase the respectability of his Ministry by taking a Duffer in.

Heaps of Nights in Something or other, bad imitations of the Casual Gent. A Night in the Charing Cross Hotel, a Night in the House of Lords, a Night in a Night-cellar, and similar rubbish, are among these.

Several thousand obvious attempts on the part of auctioneers, hotel keepers, local nobodies, quack doctors, and the like, to obtain the awful puff, which a paragraph in PUNCH would give them. The usual dodge is to send a letter, purporting to come from somebody who is surprised, or offended, at the proceedings of the fellow who wants the puff, begging that Mr. PUNCH will "show up" such a character.

Many hundreds of old jokes, (sworn to have been heard on the date of the letters) with requests for the smallest remuneration, as the senders are "hard up."

A cart-full of letters with pamphlets, into not one of which, of course, Mr. PUNCH ever thinks of looking.

Jokes carefully transcribed from early volumes of Mr. PUNCH. He may as well mention that he keeps a Memory Boy, who knows every line in The Volumes, and who has never been at fault except twice, on both of which occasions he was immediately put to death.

Two thousand letters enclosing things which the writers admit to be under the mark, but which they beg may be inserted as encouragement to young beginners, who may do better hereafter.

Several hundred letters from snobs who have not even yet discovered that Mr. PUNCH arose to smite down the scandalous press, not to imitate it. The names of persons libelled by such writers are carefully expunged by Mr. PUNCH, but those of the scoundrels who send the letters remain for exposure.

Hitherto, Mr. PUNCH has been burning the rubbish above described, but in future he intends to sell it. Purchasers must remove the lots at their own risk of mental demoralization.

MY OWN NELLY.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

Pretty Nelly, winsome Nelly,
Pretty Nelly, blithe and gay,
Every light of joy around her
Beaming like a Summer day.

We are poor, both I and Nelly,
Neither land nor gold have we;
But she says I am her treasure,
And she's all the world to me.

Pretty Nelly, gentle Nelly,
Pretty Nelly's ever mild,
Lovely as a Poet's dreaming,
Simple as a very child.

Let the wealthy boast their splendor,
Still a greater gift have we;
For she says I am her treasure,
And she's all the world to me.

Pretty Nelly, faithful Nelly,
Pretty Nelly's true as gold;
With a heart as pure as ever
Best within a mortal mould.

Are we poor then, I and Nelly?
No, but rich as rich can be,
For I know I am her treasure,
And she's all the world to me.

March 17, 1859.

(From the *Botic Commemorative*.)

THE DWARF BETH-GIMEL AND HIS GUESTS.

BY WILLY WISP.

There are two prominent theories respecting the method by which such a variety among living creatures was attained. One accounts for it by supposing they were originally created as they were; another by supposing circumstances have gradually, from age to age, altered their cases as they alter the possessive case of nouns and capitalists. I have a third theory to add to this.

Long ago, before the great world was reduced to its present orderly condition, when red herrings grew in the woods, and red strawberries floated in schools at sea without ever becoming educated, when the foolish cheated the wise, and consequently wore better coats than they did, when lords and ladies dwelt in log-huts, and palaces were occupied by peasants, when highwaymen were elevated to office, and shares in Paradise were sold by priest-brokers, at this time a cunning dwarf, named Beth-Gimel, took it into his head to play a trick upon a number of his acquaintances whom he had invited to a feast in his castle for that purpose. There were the snail, the tortoise, the cat, the butterfly, the sparrow, the robin, the cow, the frog, the spider, the hog, the cock, the elephant and the lion. The dwarf had in his possession an agate lamp, filled with the oil of a thousand crystals, which could only be obtained by the adroit use of certain chemicals, produced from the ashes of serpents' skins, carefully dried in the rays of the declining moon during the autumnal months; a process known to the dwarf, but to nobody else living or expected to live.

Now the light of this lamp was very peculiar, for it possessed the power of fixing any shape, property or condition upon any one, who, at the time the words "Beth-gimel! Beth-gimel!" were pronounced, should have the idea of such a shape, property or condition in his mind. It was a kind of mystical photography, of which the dwarf alone had the mastery.

The time appointed for the feast arrived, and with it the punctual guests, who were briefly and informally accosted by the dwarf in these words:—"My friends, let each one of you relate what he has recently seen that is amusing, and then let us pour out the wine and be merry in earnest." Whereupon the snail (or rather the animal that the snail was before he was changed) began:—

"As I was going to school, the other morning, I overtook an old man so very decrepit that he could hardly walk; indeed, he moved no faster than the hour-hand on a dial. It seemed so droll to me, as I skipped along to outrun my shadow, that I nearly burst my sides with laughter."

"Beth-gimel! Beth-gimel!" cried the dwarf.

The snail now attempted to skip to illustrate what he had said, but what was his surprise to find that he could move no faster than the old man he had ridiculed on his way to school.

Next arose the tortoise and said:—"A few days since I was promenading for my health, on a flat-topped rock, when I observed a lazy hermit sprawled on the ground near-by, his face downward, and his back covered with a huge round chopping tray, scooped from one of the vertebrae of a mammoth, of the Brobdingnagian period. I asked him to explain his sad predicament, when he harangued me with some nonsense which he called political economy, whereby it appeared that it would be better for mankind if each person procured a simple habitation like his own, and lived under it, through sunshine and storm, day and night. But before he finished his oratory I laughed in his face so violently that I fell from the edge of the rock into the water."

"Beth-gimel! Beth-gimel!" cried the dwarf.

The tortoise, imagining himself in the water, tried to climb out again, but you can guess his horror and chagrin in finding a house on his back similar to that of the hermit he had ridiculed.

Next spoke the cat:—"I was out late, one night last month, with a select serenading company, when we chanced to come under the window of a room where a good woman had a squalling child suffering from a Christmas pudding. It cried and bawled so furiously that we were obliged to stop our music in the middle of a lovely *sostenuto-crescendo-et-pianissimo-diminuendo*; for we could no longer hear our own

voices, and it is as difficult, for one deprived of hearing, to sing in tune as it is for one to write straight in the dark, or for a deaf mute to articulate. Then we fell to mimicking the squalling child, until in our merriment our tails were nearly worn to the skin from wagging."

"Beth-gimel! Beth-gimel!" cried the dwarf.

Some one then asked the cat for a specimen of the *sostenuto-crescendo-et-pianissimo-diminuendo* belonging to the aforesaid cat-agory of the lovely, when, upon trial, she was so frightened to find her voice uncontrollably assuming the accents of the squalling child she had mimicked, that her pupils swelled like an inflated bubble, with this exception, namely, instead of reflecting all the colors of the rainbow, they reflected only green, and that very abundantly and very suddenly.

Then spoke the butterfly:—"By chance I one day flew into the cabin of a merchantman, moored at a wharf, and just ready to set sail. Being put to sleep by the fumes of some opium, which was packed in a corner for transportation, I found myself, on awaking, not less than a dozen leagues at sea, much too far to return by flight. I then resolved to content myself, during the voyage, with studying nautical life, and enjoying myself as well as I could by climbing the ropes of the vessel and perching on the sails, and feeling the stiff salt breeze ruffle my wings so different from the mild zephyrs which breathe through honeysuckles on *la-ra-firma*! But I soon saw that a sailor's life was not all romance. What do you think they sometimes sleep in at sea? Why, it is nothing but a coverlet swung up, with ropes tied to each corner and then to the sails! And what do you think a sailor does in a furious gale? Why, he cannot stand upright on deck, even on his sailor's legs, so he has to crawl over it, like a worm, on account of the fearful rocking of the vessel! When I first beheld these horrid capers, I laughed till my golden wings changed to a shameful crimson."

"Beth-gimel! Beth-gimel!" cried the dwarf.

In proof of her assertion the butterfly called the attention of the audience to her red wings, when lo! the wings had disappeared, and she found herself an ugly worm, crawling on the floor! And before the other guests had completed their stories, some one discovered her hanging by the wall in a kind of hammock, with the dry remark that a butterfly could practice, as well as preach, nautical etiquette.

Now the sparrow told her tale:—"I am very fond," you know, said she, "of pretty faces, and equally I dislike ugly ones. Indeed, I cannot possibly see the use of ugly faces, except to support vendors of lily-white and rouge balls, which, on philosophical grounds, can hardly be expected to justify the immense pains that must have been taken in designing them. But I was about to say that I attended a sparrow's school near an old stump, devoted to election speeches a portion of the year, and the rest employed by us as a pedagogical platform, by which we elevate our schoolmaster without degrading ourselves. Seventeen toad-stools surround this stump, they having grown up where seventeen toadies, I think they were called, sat during the last election. These are our benches. But on Monday last we were surprised at a rupture in the playground, accompanied by noise resembling an earthquake. "Behold, the mountains once brought forth a mouse," remarked our schoolmaster, "and who knows what good fortune is coming to us?" Professor Owl examined it, and pronounced it the germination of a plug of copperhead tobacco, but, when we suggested the idea of some friendly move on the part of Vulcan, he hooted at us, and darted off in the direction of a hen-roost, where a cock was being deceived by the light thrown on the subject, mistaking it for daylight. But it turned out to be nothing but a toad-stool, and as there was now room for another scholar, we wondered what kind of a looking person it would be. And, horrible to relate, it was a girl with a freckled face! Oh, how I laughed!"

"Beth-gimel! Beth-gimel!" cried the dwarf.

The sparrow then looked in the nest in which she had been lying, and lo! her eggs, before as white as the falling snow, were freckled like the girl she had laughed at!

Then spoke the robin:—"My life, as you all knew, is spent, for the most part, near the abode of men. I never make a nest in the forest so long as farmers are fond of apple pies and cider. On this account I have become quite interested in the study of mankind, believing it is just as proper for birds as ornithology is for human students. Well, last winter, while hibernating a few degrees south of Constantinople, I chanced to fall in with a little yellow woman who had married a blue man from the north, and, in accordance with the laws of miscegenation, they had born to them a green babe. Now, I have seen felts blue enough, and a plenty of yellow folks, but a diminutive green babe was too much for my gravity, and of course I laughed."

"Beth-gimel! Beth-gimel!" cried the dwarf.

The robin was now resuming her seat, when, looking into her nest, she became petrified with astonishment at beholding her eggs, before as white as the light of Phœbus, changed to green!

Then spoke the cow:—"I am of a happy disposition, as all will acknowledge. I never lamented except when my calf was taken from me, and then my lowing soon ceased, for, while busy cropping the fresh, dewy clover, and listening to the merry humming of the bees, it was re-*re-ated* to me that my offspring was better off removed from the temptations of the world, and I soon swung my tail in resignation, though I cannot help grieving slightly when I hear the boots of a nice young gent *ag-eak*—but enough of this. I was not long ago resting under

an oak, in a state of blissful repletion, when a couple of plovers came along, it being noon, and sat down, sharing the shade with me. They opened a tin pail, took out their dinner, and soon dispatched it. But instead of refraining from drinking until they had ceased from eating, as cows do, they swilled down their bread and cheese with hot coffee and rum. This amused me; but when, after finishing their repast, they took out some tobacco and chewed it, keeping it in their mouths and continuing to chew, chew, chew, I laughed outright."

"Beth-gimel! Beth-gimel!" cried the dwarf.

The robin, being much interested, wished to know if their chewing resembled that of the opium-eaters she had heard of, when the cow moved her under-jaw in imitation of the plough-man; but when she tried to stop chewing, she could not.

Then arose the frog, saying:—"When a boy, my father was divided in his mind as to whether I should go to sea for a living, or remain on land. But bearing a scholar say, "*In medio stans tutissimum est*," which means the middle of a bridge is the safest to pass over, he concluded to devote me both to the land and the water. I chose the profession common to our kindred, and set up my sign, "Doctor Croaker, Spring and Well Disinfecter," and was engaged by an old man to keep a well pure which stood in the open air just back of his house. The old man had a daughter who, though not very young, was very particular and kind-hearted; and it was her practice, when it rained, to draw me out of the well (which was not covered) lest I should get wet. One day she placed me by the fire to dry, and a little mouse ran out of a hole and commenced playing, now with his own tail, and now with a brown velvet button that was lying on the floor. How ridiculous, thought I, to play with a tail or a button!"

"Beth-gimel! Beth-gimel!" cried the dwarf.

The frog sat down, or rather tried to do so, but we can judge of his amazement when he found himself reduced in dimensions, and his personality confined to something like a velvet button with a mouse's tail attached to it.

Next arose the spider, who said:—"I was very much amused, the other day, with an old woman turning a wheel. With one hand she turned the wheel around and around, while with the other she held a long yarn, wound on a revolving spindle. She appeared to me crazy, and, as near as I could make out, killed the time by singing Yankee Doodle backwards, interspersing the performance with snatches of Mother Goose Melodies, which she seemed to mumble over in her mouth without ever fairly letting go of the words. I was so much amused that I laughed till there was not a dry eye in my head."

"Beth-gimel! Beth-gimel!" cried the dwarf.

A little while after, the spider was found industriously spinning, like the old woman, but concerning her mortification this story has nothing to say.

Next the hog spoke:—"Going down to the seashore one morning, to hunt up a horse-shoe for my breakfast, I observed a fisherman enter a boat and use a stick to drive the boat over the water. I noticed that to make the boat go in one direction, he was obliged to push in an opposite one, which amused me so that I turned round and went home laughing, without my breakfast, forgetting what I went for."

"Beth-gimel! Beth-gimel!" cried the dwarf.

The hog laughed and granted so that some of the guests were detailed to drive him out of the room, but they found that in order to make him go in one direction, it was necessary to do what the fisherman did with his boat, to push in opposite one.

Then arose the cock, and spoke:—"I dwell on a farm with a large family of our gallinaceous tribe. One day last week, a poultterer came into the yard where we were scratching, seized a young brother of mine unceremoniously by the legs, laid his head down on a long, and, lifting an axe he held in the other hand, commanded him in an ungentlemanly manner to stretch his neck. Now, my brother not being properly brought up, never did put himself out much to obey the orders of his superiors, and he therefore refused. The old hens were very busily tramping around the scene, and crying with surprising nonchalance, "Cut, cut, cut, cut, cut, cut," which only served to enrage the baffled poultterer. "Dry up, villains," said he; "don't you see I can't cut skillfully till the cock's neck is stretched?" My brother, hearing this, fluttered himself away from the poultterer's grasp stood up, elevated his comb in the true dignity of a cock, and screamed out, his mouth wide open, and wings flapping, "I don't stretch my neck for you!" which frightened the poultterer so that he fled, setting me into a laughing fit that was worse for my throat than lunar caustic."

"Beth-gimel! Beth-gimel!" cried the dwarf.

But the cock, essaying to speak further, found he could only crow out the words "I don't stretch my neck for you!" much to the amusement of the dwarf and the other guests.

The cock was followed by the elephant, who said: "I have of late been in the service of a giant who had the misfortune to lose his right arm in battle with Sir John Frost, one cold morning last winter. Before he got accustomed to the loss he cut such an awkward figure as would make a cat laugh. Once he picked up a rock to drive away some mosquitoes that were pestering him, when he slung it off in a tangent so far from his aim that I laughed in his face."

"Beth-gimel! Beth-gimel!" cried the dwarf.

The elephant was not a little surprised, when he tried to scratch his head, to find the arm of the giant he had laughed at protruding from his forehead.

Last of all the lion spoke. He said he found little in the world to amuse him. He never laughed at trifles, but he did once laugh at a loud clap of thunder which shivered a tree near where he was lying.

Here the dwarf pronounced the same words as before, and the lion commenced to thunder. Whereupon the clouds, thinking a tempest was on the tapis, gathered together and poured rain; while the winds hastened to the spot and raged furiously. Then the old castle shook and creaked, the plastering fell down upon the dwarf, making an end of him, and smashing the agate lamp, whose contents were forever spilled, and the guests placed beyond all hopes of being restored to their former condition. For to disenchant them it was necessary to sprinkle them with the oil of the lamp, and pronounce the same words by which they were enchanted.

But when the lamp broke, a few drops of oil fell upon the frog, the robin, and the butterfly, which served partly to disenchant them, so that the frog spends part of his life in a tadpole state, the robin lays eggs, which, though analysis shows are green, are popularly known as blue, and the butterfly spends his days, first in a crawling condition, and then assumes his original freedom.

THE COBBLER.

Of all the old handcraftsmen give me the veteran of the lapstone and the waxed end. There is more of the smack of old times about your genuine cobbler than about any other class of artisans extant. Now, even as of yore, they nestle in the same seven-by-nine nooks and corners, in dusky lanes and alleys, plying their calling in places just large enough to set a bench and swing a hammer. The world has been moving of late so rapid, and so many new gimcrack inventions have been put in motion, that mechanics are not what they used to be. An old-fashioned artisan of a century ago, who should now revisit the glimpses of the moon, would be lost in wonder and amazement, and would hardly recognize the trade he was bred to, or the shop that gave him employment. But not so the cobbler.

While inventors have been inventing, the ancient crafts have moved right on unperturbed and unchanged. The world may boil and seethe around the cobbler, yet there he sits in the old nook, on the same quaint, old-fashioned bench, with its many compartments, beating his tattoo on the same primitive lapstone in use before the flood, plying the waxed-end, tipped with bristle as of yore, pegging away with an awl, of which the memory of man runneth not the contrary; each and all, man, tools, and surroundings, immemorial and pre-deluge. The tub of water, the litter, the cast-off shoes, the lasts, the straps, the pegs, the paste, the pointed knives, and the wax, are all there, just as in the days of that famous Caliph of old, Haroun Al-Raschid, who found so much enjoyment in the society of the industrious and chatty cobbler. And as are the surroundings, so is the cobbler himself, unchanging and unchanged. He belongs to a peculiar class.

He looks at life from a peculiar standpoint. He observes daily the outgoings and incomings of the people, and learneth wisdom. Mankind he divides into two great general classes—those who make the journey of life on the square, and those who tread over. He distinguishes at a glance between the mere foibles of the youthful and thoughtless, who wear at the toes, and thus come to grief and the cobbler, and the chronic defects of those more mature, who are continually running down at the side or at the heel. He early discerns the end to which the steps of his customers are tending, and plies art and nails to correct such wayward tendencies. His is a bench from which many a wise saw and modern instance is wont to issue. He is convivial and social, and crones gather around him and listen to his words of wisdom.

The cobbler is a mighty power in his own precinct. He is charged with all the mysterious secrets of the viciage. He is emboldened by his position and calling to discuss grave and portentous matters. The oracles of the neighborhood gather about him and do him homage. His fire giveth out a goodly heat, and his discourse is of things pertinent to the times, the place and the seasons. Great moral and political questions he reasoneth upon, and what is dubious and uncertain he searcheth out and maketh bare, even as he maketh bare the rents in the work before him. His sedentary habits lead him to reflection. He is prone to philosophize over his work, and moralize on the vanity of human wishes as seen around him; sees and appreciates the instability of all things sublunary, and hence, though light and gay in his daily conversation, he is yet at heart grave and serious, and takes hold of the great moral questions of the day, and hammers them out to their just conclusions with the same unflinching fidelity that he hammers down his leather to its just proportions.

Notwithstanding, however, that he thus grapples with the mighty issues of the day, yet, like the lion bold, who whilom the babe did hold, he is the friend and companion of all the children round about, admitting them freely into his sanctuary; dealing out to them "free gratis" invaluable bits of leather, and the boys' greatest of earthly loves, leather strings, and beguiling them from play, and almost even from school, with his odd stories, quaint ditties, long roll on the lapstone, and his many quips and jokes. In a word, your ancient and steadfast race of cobblers,—those who stand by the traditions and habits and customs of the craft,—and with singleness of purpose give their highest gifts and art to the science of repairing and cobbling,—are among the most worthy of this or any other land. They represent one of the most ancient as well as one of the most useful of the arts. May they never give in to the innovations and inventions of our changeable times, and may their shadows never be different and never be less.—*Boston Transcript*.

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HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1866.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—"The Star of the North:" this afternoon at 1 o'clock.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—"The Unequal Match:" 8 P. M.

WINTER GARDEN.—"Richelieu" (last night but four of Edwin Booth): 7½ P. M.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—"Cinderella e la Comare:" 7½ P. M.

NELO'S GARDEN.—"The Pearl of Savoy:" 7½ P. M.

WOOD'S THEATRE.—"EAST LYNN:" 7½ P. M.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE.—"Victims" and "Forty Winks:" 7½ P. M.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—"Moses, or Israel in Egypt:" 2 P. M. and 7½ P. M.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—"L'Africaine:" 8 P. M.

EDITING A PAPER.

The following summing up of the pleasures of editorial life is from the columns of the CHARLOTTE-VILLE CHRONICLE:

Editing a paper is a very pleasant business. If it contains too much political matter, people won't have it.

If the type is too large, it don't contain enough reading matter.

If the type is small, people won't read it.

If we publish telegraph reports, people say they are lies.

If we omit them, they say we have no enterprise or suppress them for political effect.

If we have a few jokes, people say we are a rattle-head.

If we omit them, they say we are an old fossil.

If we publish original matter, they curse us for not giving selections.

If we publish selections, men say we are lazy for not writing more, and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a man a complimentary notice, then we are censured for being partial.

If we do not, all hands say we are a greedy hog.

If we insert an article that pleases the ladies, men become jealous.

If we do not cater to their wishes, the paper is not fit to have in the house.

If we attend church, they say it is only for effect.

If we don't, they denounce us as deceitful and desperately wicked.

If we remain in the office and attend to business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows.

If we go out, they say we never attend to our business.

If we publish poetry, we effect sentimentalism.

If we do not, we have no literary polish or taste.

If the mail does not deliver our paper promptly, they say we do not publish "on the time."

If it does, they are afraid we are getting ahead of time.

LETTER FROM JOSH BILLINGS.

MY DEAR PRESS:

You ask me "how I like the lecturing bizness," and "what success I have met with," and "what is the true nature of the lecturer I have been dispensing?"

Briefly thus I reply:

Two years ago I joined the band of lecturing martens, and have "tramp'd—tramp'd!" ever since, and as near as I can recollect now, I think I can tell.

My lecturer is an attempt to be comick.

Humor is hybrid, and is a nice cross between sense and nonsense.

I don't think it has ever been well defined: it is like the smell of a flower, hard to describe.

There is just about as much real humor in the best of geniuses as there is juice in a lemon: one good squeeze takes it out, and there is nothing but seeds and skin left.

It soon bekums hackney'd, and its authors live prekariously for about 3 years on the first 6 months of their reputashun, and then go in their holes and only come out onst in a while to sun themselves and be stupid.

I have known men tell 4 good stories, and then spile them awl by telling one poor one.

There is nothing the world is so slow to applaud as success, and nothing they are so smart at dis-covering as a failure.

Much of a humorist's success depends upon the physick of his audience: a man who has the dispep-shes fast rate laffs under protest, but if his dinner rides easy you can tickle him with a skoop-shovel.

Humor sometimes lurks in the way a thing is oed, and I have seen men who carried their fun in the wrinkles of their face.

Nonsense ain't humor, it is only a jest.

Humor must have sum truth in it, and a good deal don't hurt it.

I have seen a fast rait story spilt in being told, and I have seen a poor story so well told, that if the man had applied for it he could have had it patented and no questions asked.

If an audience refuse to be tickled, you might as well talk to a grave-yard in the dead of winter; but if you get them onst mellow you can then stick your thumb into them anywhere.

But my opinion now is that there ain't no rule for success with a comick lecturer.

A cold-blooded philosophick lecturer is just as easy as turning a griststone: the audience are obliged to hold their hatchets on, and they are sure to get ground out after a while: but you can't tell a man when to laff; he knows what pleases him, just as well as he knows what eats good; you can't play a burnt slapjack, nor one that ain't well dun, onto him.

There ain't nothing more straining to a humorist than to have to stop and explain a joke.

I have just got hum from Boston: I put 2 spokes into the hub at Tremont Temple the two first nights in February: I lectured 15 nights in Massachusetts.

I don't know whether it was a success or not: awl I know is I felt good myself.

Humorous lectures, without the aid of canvass or pantomime, are tuff to do.

I think now I shall either git up a philosophick lecturer on the culler of the Red Sea, or the hump on the camel's back, or quit lecturing.

I can steal a good philosophick lecturer out of sun library, but these cursed humorous lectures have so much original in them (or ought to have) that you can't calculate on them for certain—they are like twins, they can't be had nor they can't be stopped.

Upon the whole, as near as I can guess, my opinion is that humor is a natural disease that a man can't catch nor can't give to anybody else.

JOSH BILLINGS.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR PRESS:

I alluded in a former letter to a new journal which has been established here in the interest of the Great Exhibition. I did not, however, give you the right name which is as follows: LE MONITEUR DE L'EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE DE 1867. It contains all the official documents bearing any relation to the exhibition and all the information useful to exhibitors. A general international agency has been established in connection with the paper which will be in constant correspondence with the commissions, sub-commissions, committees, etc., delegated to the Exhibition from all parts of the world, and will publish all documents emanating from them. It will also be in direct relation with the Commission Impériale appointed by the government, and will act as an intermediate with any parties wishing to consult it. The paper, as it is said in the prospectus, will publish biographical sketches of the leading manufacturers, inventors, etc., who are to submit their works to the judgment of the world. Before the opening of the exhibition, the public will be thus initiated into the knowledge of the chief houses and men who are about exhibiting their products; of the origin and development of their works; of the processes of their execution and fabrication, etc., etc. . . . During the time of the Exhibition the paper will publish elaborate studies on the different works of importance, and give the reports of the different juries. The enterprise promises to have a great success. The agency is already corresponding with foreign countries, and I understand, is about appointing agents in the leading American cities.

I have again heard of *Fior d'Aliza*, the new opera of M. Victor Massé. It is certainly not a failure, nor is it yet a success. The style of M. Massé is delicate, light, clear, and sometimes very near to what we call *recherché*. These are excellent qualities, doubtless, in a composer of comic operas, but in a composer of grand operas they become weaknesses. In choosing as his libretto the charming, though rather sentimental novel of Lamartine, M. Massé had shown a perfect consciousness of what he could do; but unhappily, the writers of the libretto disfigured it so much that from an idyl it is turned into a drama. M. Massé, who had doubtless prepared his sweetest melodies, had to cast aside his rustic reed, in order to blow the noisy horn, and beat the resonant drum. Had M. Massé been prudent he would have remained in blissful ignorance of the drum. But the fame of Meyerbeer prevented him from sleeping; he had not strength enough to resist the attraction of this perfidious instrument, and by a just retribution the sin carried its punishment with it. He strived to accomplish the powerful dramatic effects of the great masters and succeeded only in making a great racket. The passages of his opera most worthy of remark belong to his old style, but unfortunately, save the gay and brilliant saltarella which Mme. Vandenhoevel-Dupré sings in the first act, they are out of place. The rhythm of this is exceedingly fresh and light, and the singer brings out its beauties in full. The quintet with which the first act ends, has been much applauded, and certainly is the best passage of the whole work. Finally, if I except a magnificent trio which is written with masterly vigor, all the rest of the work is liable to these two fundamental objections: either noise without harmony, or ornate melodies in no way answering to the situations of the characters. Since M. Massé had chosen the drum, he ought to have laid his reeds aside; but nature always asserts herself, and sometimes there breaks through even the most sombre situation of the piece a song full of freshness and melody.

Patti is said to be engaged at the opera of St. Petersburg. It is said that she is to be paid 2000 dollars a night. This seems to me rather improbable, at least so far as the terms are concerned. I shouldn't wonder if it originated with her agent, who is anxious to make the Parisians believe that she is

making an immense sacrifice in singing for them for \$600 a night. For myself, however, I don't quite see the sacrifice.

Les Travailliers de la Mer, the new novel of V. Hugo, is expected to be out in a few days. M. Lacroix, recently condemned to one year confinement on account of one of Proudhon's books, is the publisher. I hear that it is to be free from what Hugo terms his "philosophical theses." I think that this, if true, will be found to be a great improvement upon *Les Misérables*.

M. Duban, an architect who is well known as having restored the Louvre and the Castle of Chambord, has just now finished repairing the side court of the School of Fine Arts.

MM. Erkman-Chatrian, who have been the most successful novel writers in Paris since the last three years, are now to publish a new novel called, *La Maison Forestière*. This is written in the early style, and bears more relationship to the *Fou Yigof*, one of their first novels which was published by the *Ravuz des Deux Mondes*, than with the last series of their productions. It has, however, the same simple, clear running style to which they are indebted for their success. I sometimes wonder how two men can blend their style so harmoniously together on one work, and can account for the phenomenon only on the ground that they were both born in the same province (*l'Alsace*), and have been brought up together, and remained together from infancy. They never work upon anything except jointly.

The paper, called *L'INDÉPENDANCE BELGE*, the introduction of which in France had been forbidden, will be henceforth allowed to pass the frontier.

We are really to have the three *Don Giovanni* which I hinted at in my last letter. The government has not permitted M. Perrin, the director of the opera, to sue the impresario of the Theatre Lyrique. The cast is to be as follows. At the opera, Mme. Saxe, Donna Anna; Mme. Gueymard, Donna Elvira; Mlle. Battu, Zerline; M. Faure, Don Giovanni; M. Naudin, Ottavio; M. Obin, Leporello; M. David, le Commandeur. At the Theatre Lyrique, Mmes. Carvalho, de Maesen, Nilsson, and MM. Troy, Michot, Battaille, Wartel. At the Italiens, the cast remains the same. Delle Sedie will very likely find a formidable rival in M. Faure as a Don Giovanni. The cast at the Theatre Lyrique is certainly good, but this of the opera surpasses all. It will prove a great success.

It is said that the new comedy of M. Augier, which is to be given next week at the Odeon, will bear the title of *La Contagion* instead of *Le Baron d'Estrigault*. M. Cadot, whose comedy *Les Habiles* was to be played before the piece of M. Augier has yielded the precedence to the academician; his play is to be represented next September.

Verdi is reported to have the three first acts of his new opera *Don Carlos* (in five acts) finished.

A very brilliant representation took place last week at the Gaite. It was given for the benefit of Mlle. Lia Félix, one of Rachel's sisters. The artists of the Theatre Français played on the occasion, and gave *Le Supplie d'une Femme*. M. and Mme. Gueymard sang the great duet of the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*. Miss Nilsson sang the grand air of *La Reine de la Nuit*, in Mozart's *Magic Flute*, a song that she alone in all Paris can do justice to. The house was crowded to excess.

M. Theophile Gautier will very soon give to the public his new novel, entitled *Spirite*.

M. V. de Laprade has published a new volume of poetry, called, *Les Voix du Silence*.

M. de Girardin, who made such a fuss lately about his retirement from the press, is just now making his reappearance in the *Ravuz du XIXe Siecle*. This new review is published by himself, and M. Arsene Haussage, who is to contribute some literary portraits in it, beginning with George Sand. M. de Girardin publishes a new comedy of his own in one act, entitled, *La Belle et la Laide*, the epigraph of which is, "Gold is tested by fire, woman by gold, and man by woman." Eco.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

BY FIGARO.

"If you will write my dramatic for me this week"—said I, the other night, to one of the most brilliant of our New York literata—"you'll make me the happiest man in town and I'll give you—"

"Hold," said he, "do you take me for a Judas and expect to tempt me with twenty pieces of silver? Why, my dear boy, I'll do it for you with pleasure: come along."

So we left Pfaff's—needless to say I was there—and in less than five minutes my friend had his coat off and was at work.

Half an hour afterwards, he handed me about a column of manuscript and said he was getting along slowly, but would certainly get through before bedtime.

"Good," said I, "you are the best fellow in the world: I shall sleep to-night like a policeman."

"Don't mention it, my dear boy," he exclaimed; "I'll do as much for you at any time: but tell me how you like what I have written."

I read it over and found that instead of writing about the theatres, he hadn't so much as alluded to them: in fact, he had simply begun an elaborate essay on dyspepsia.

"Why what in thunder are you thinking of," said I, "it's not a Dyspeptic Feuilleton I want, but a Dramatic one."

"O yes, I see," he replied, "but I am coming to that presently: what you have there is only my exordium."

An hour after, he handed me a pile more of manuscript, and on looking it over I found that he hadn't yet come to the theatres, but was just launching into a chapter about hypochondriacs!

And so it went on for three mortal hours, when he suddenly broke out thus: "it's no use, old boy, I can't think of a word to say about any theatre in town, but I have written the most splendid little treatise on the laws of health which you ever saw."

"But you wouldn't have me print it as a Dramatic Feuilleton, would you?"

"Why not? Who cares what a fellow writes about so that he is entertaining? Do you suppose anybody cares a chip what you think about this play or that, this actor or that? Not a bit of it. Let the theatres go then this week altogether, and print my matter just as it is. It will be a surprise to your readers at any rate."

"What and call it Dramatic Feuilleton?"

"Certainly: the beauty of a Feuilleton is that you can say what you have a mind to in it without being confined to any subject whatever."

Saying which, my friend bade me good-night—hoped I should sleep well—and left me in a state of mind that you can imagine.

Now what do you think of a man, Mr. Editor, who could coolly propose to me to print a Dramatic Feuilleton with not an allusion to the drama in it from beginning to end?

But thereby hangs a tale, good Sir.

My friend is the seventh or eighth brilliant fellow whom I have asked in an emergency (by the way, did I tell you I had been in an emergency all the week? I think not: well perhaps I will before I get through) to write just one Feuilleton for me, and the result has been in each case pretty much as in this last one.

The fact is, that to write about dramatic matters in the light touch-and-go style required for a Feuilleton is no easy matter: and to have to do it every week is a kind of slavery which some day or other—when I am President, say—I mean to have abolished.

It looks simple enough, I know, but just you try it.

Writing what are called "theatrical notices" is another affair: I could write a thousand of them in a thousand hours; but this is not what you want.

O no, you want—reasonable man—that you are—that I should write, fifty-two times a year, one of those bright, wide-awake, humorous articles which no man living could write six of in a year.

But this week I positively rebel.

In fact, I can't even send you my usual quota of paragraphs to "enliven the editorial page"—as you choose to express it.

In other words, my dear Press, for the last few days I have been what my theatrical friends call "indisposed," and have recovered only in time to tell you that I did my best to get you a good Feuilleton and failed.

Meanwhile, I send you half a dozen pretty good jokes, which I have picked up from one paper and another, and which you can use or not as you think best: only don't expect any from me.

The only new one I have heard lately was got off at the De Soto, the other night, and was in substance as follows: Some one was complaining that everybody in the world seemed to have an axe to grind: "Well, why not," asked a bystander, "the earth itself revolves on its axis."

And, now, do you forgive me, Sir, or must I first go on and write another column?

Alas! that is impossible: and, moreover, all I could possibly say you will find well enough said in your advertisements.

So please let me up this time, and next week—but stop, I make no more promises.

If anything occurs next week that I feel like writing about—and if I don't put it off till too late—and if I can't get anybody else to do it for me—and if I am not indisposed—I may send you something with more or less life in it: mind, however, I don't promise.

Meanwhile, begging you to allow something for my indignation at the idea of being asked to send you a Dramatic Feuilleton with nothing about the theatres in it, I remain,

Yours and so on,

Figaro.

Mr. J. Bouton, 481 Broadway has just received from Europe the great bibliographical work of Mr. T. O. Weigel (an eminent collector in Leipzig), entitled "The History of Block-Printing, and the Early History of Engraving before Dürer," in two volumes, folio, with 145 facsimiles of Block-Prints and Engravings, and many wood-cuts in the text.

Dr. Henry Alford, author of "A Plea for the Queen's English," tells the following:

A student at one of our military academies had copied a drawing of a scene in Venice, and in copying the title, he had spelt the name of the city *Vennice*. The drawing-master put his pen through the superfluous letter, observing, "Don't you know, Sir, there is but one *h* in Venice?" On which the youth burst out laughing. Being asked what he was laughing about, he replied he was thinking how uncommonly scarce eggs must be there. The master, in wrath, reported him to the colonel in command, a Scotchman. He, on hearing the disrespectful reply written in the least perceiving the point of the joke, observed, "An' a varra natural observation, too."

(For the Saturday Press.)

THE WHIRLWIND MACHINE.

In examining the various phenomena of Natural Science, I have frequent use for apparatus, which, as I am in but moderate circumstances as regards money, I am forced to make rather than buy. For this purpose, I frequently have recourse to some carpenter, brass-founder, or other craftsmen, to make such separate and detached portions of the machinery as I am unable to make for myself, and I find frequent cause for amusement in the ill-concealed curiosity of the mechanics whom I employ, in regard to the use to which the fantastic and incomprehensible apparatus (as it must appear to them) is to be put.

"I don't want to be inquisitive, Sir, but what might this little ball and stem be for?"

"That, Sir, is the carrying ball of a Torsion Electrometer," which answer brings forth a grunt and a stare, and silence, if it does not inform.

"What be I a-makin', now, with borin' all these curious holes?"

"The frame of an Air Pump."

"And what be you a-wantin' to pump air for? Can't you get enough in the nat'l way, like? or mebbe you has the asthma?" These and similar questions are not infrequent.

It was at the shop of Mr. Williams, the brass-founder, that I became acquainted with the unhappy subject of the following narrative.

I had gone thither to obtain some required apparatus, and found Mr. Williams engaged in receiving instructions as to the building of some parts of a machine of some kind. The person with whom he was conversing was a man of apparently thirty years, tall and gaunt, his face and figure evidently wasted with thought, and with that haggard expression about the eyes which I have often observed in men who have to combat with patient thought—the wild impatience of an excessively nervous temperament.

From his description of the parts of the machine which he wished Mr. Williams to make, I could not form the slightest idea of what was to be its application.

Having spoken to Mr. Williams of what I required, I left his shop, pondering deeply on the machine which could require such fantastic appendages. I overhauled my books of mechanics and mechanical drawings, but could find nothing at all resembling that of which I had heard. I was puzzled. I began to appreciate the unhappiness of the poor mechanics whose natural curiosity I had so often snubbed.

On the next day, according to agreement, I went after my apparatus, and found my sphinx again talking to Mr. Williams.

As that gentleman handed me what he had made, it appeared to attract the young man's attention, and stepping up to me, he said abruptly, "Are you a chemist?"

"Yes, Sir."

"May I have a moment's private conversation with you?"

"Certainly," said I, in great glee, for now, I thought, I shall learn something about this curious machine.

"Do you understand pneumatics?" said the young man.

"Yes," said I, "although I would hardly call that a branch of chemistry."

"I know, I know," said he, hurriedly; "but there is my motive power—the motive power. But what I wish is, I must believe, something which will rapidly decompose large bodies of air, or bring about some rearrangement of its molecules, so that, if possible, they may become mutually repellant at certain points; in fact, what I wish, is to be able, at any time and place, to produce a whirlwind."

"A what?" said I, aghast.

"A whirlwind! don't you understand?"

"Certainly, Sir, I understand what you say, but am at a loss to understand what purpose so infrequent and unstable a phenomenon as a whirlwind is to serve in practical mechanics."

"That is it Sir; nobody will see it, and that is one of the reasons which impel me to accomplish my designs. Whirlwinds, whirlwinds, I must have; if not artificial ones, then I must watch my opportunity, and find ready-made ones."

"But you have not answered my question."

"Do you know any means by which one can make whirlwinds at pleasure?"

"Why, certainly," said I, "they might be made, on a small scale, by a judicious arrangement of pipes, from which currents of air might be made to issue by many contrivances."

"If on a small scale," interrupted he, "then why not, with larger apparatus, on a large scale?"

"Perhaps," said I, "but you will pardon me, if I do not enter into your scheme until I have examined the machine which you have undoubtedly been contriving, and see whether your plan is feasible or not."

"You will be quite welcome to examine it, if you will come to my shop. It is not far from here—we can reach it in ten minutes."

Having fully determined to see the result of the madman's fancies (for a madman he undoubtedly was), I made no difficulty in following him to his shop; and there, for the first and only time, I saw the accursed Whirlwind Machine!

It would be impossible to give the reader an adequate idea of this singular product of a madman's ingenuity. I will, however, give as good a description of it as is possible.

Its inventor had, undoubtedly, begun it without any insane intention to "run" it by a whirlwind. But

upon its failure to accomplish what he had expected from it, and from its general application, he had gone mad, and the whirlwind came into his head, blowing all sanity to the four winds.

In the first place, it will be necessary for the reader to understand that the machine was intended as a means of locomotion, for travelling by land, air, or water, through the instrumentality of whirlwinds. It was to be placed exactly at the axis of the whirlwind, and from it obtain its propulsive power, proceeding directly in its path upon the earth, so long as no obstacles, such as woods, cities, or bodies of water might prevent. Should it meet the former obstacles, it was to rise in the air, and float over them; should it meet water, it was to be rowed across it. For all these purposes, the machine contained in itself, as the inventor supposed, ample resources. All that it required for its successful operation, was the whirlwind, and for this, the inventor had applied to me.

Externally, the machine had the appearance of a round tower, on wheels. In it were windows to admit, not air, (as may readily be believed,) but light. With the exception of broad, apparently solid, but really hollow belts, behind which passengers were to sit, the whole surface of the car admitted of changing its apparent solidity, and of becoming, at the will of the engineer, a system of plates, or slats (as in common window-shutters) through which the wind could have unimpeded course.

The machine, as I have stated, was to be placed exactly at the axis of a whirlwind. At the base of the car, and immediately above the wheels, was an open platform, from the centre of which ascended a perpendicular shaft, upon which the wind was directly to apply. This shaft was provided with a large number of thin plates, to act as sails, by which the shaft was to be turned by the wind. By the different inclinations of these sails, various motions were to be obtained.

It can readily be seen, by the merest tyro in mechanics, how this shaft, in turning, could move the set of wheels on which the car was to proceed, on land; as, also, how a system of paddles or paddle wheels could be moved when a journey by water should be required.

The aerial passage cannot be so readily understood.

Those who have noticed the action of whirlwinds, even on so small a scale as those at street corners, will readily remember that leaves, and dust, and other light bodies which may be put in motion by them, are not only blown around in circles, but are lifted from the ground, sometimes to a great height. When walking along the roads in Kansas, one will often see a great column of dust and brush, running along the road, finally rise in the air and whisk out of sight. Waterspouts, so common in the Indian Ocean, are formed and upheld by this property of whirlwinds.

Upon this property was to depend the aerial success of the machine. I have already said that its entire surface, with the exception of certain belts, admitted of changing its apparent solidity, and becoming entirely open to the wind, by means of an apparatus changing the sides to slats. Through the openings thus formed, when it was desirable to rise in the air, there were suddenly thrust forth huge fan-shaped sails, which caught the full forward and upward force of the wind, while at the same time, the sails of the central shaft were so shifted that they also caught the upward impulse, and, as the inventor maintained, the machine would rise in the air, and soar proudly over all obstacles.

"See," said the inventor, "here you have a contrivance and a force, to which the petty steam engine and steam are but wretched failures! See it work!" and, applying his hand to the upright shaft, he turned it, while instantly the machine moved forward over his work-bench, till it came to a trough of water. As soon as it touched this, from the peripheries of the broad wheels, on which the car moved, protruded paddles, which drove the machine across the mimic ocean, safely and surely.

"For progress in the air," said he, "I need the actual whirlwind; but I will show you some experiments with the machine, which will render you sure that it can do all that I propose."

Scattering a quantity of sawdust by the opening at the base of the shaft, he again applied his hand to the top of the shaft and turned it. Instantly the sawdust was drawn or "sucked" up through the machine, to its top, and descended in showers on all sides; even pieces of paper, lying at quite a distance, were drawn up in the same manner. He then caused the surface to assume the slatted appearance. On turning the shaft, the sawdust again rushed up the shaft, while pieces of paper, placed by the slats, were drawn, with great force, between them, and whirled spirally from the top of the machine, through the air.

"You see," said he, "what force the wind, generated even by the machine itself, has. Do you not see how the car would sail through the air on 'the wings of the wind,' at once propelling and generating propulsive force."

"And see here again," and touching a spring there appeared in the rear of the machine, a propelling screw with sails to act on the air.

"This alone will move the car," said he, "and can be moved either by the wind, or by machinery within the car. It is now made to turn by clock-work. I will make it work." And surely enough, the propeller screwed the air, and the car darted forward.

"This is all very ingenious, my friend," said I "but for all practical purposes, your machine might as well seek its native power in the Northern Lights as in a whirlwind."

"That is the way," said he bitterly, "with all you scientific men, as you call yourselves. You laughed at the steam-engine; you laughed at the balloon; and you laugh at me. But they beat you; and so, by Heaven, will I. All that I require of you is to furnish me with a whirlwind; and, Sir, if you don't do it, and if you laugh at me, I will kill you," and his eyes blazed.

I began, as may readily be supposed, to be extremely uncomfortable with my new acquaintance, and determined to leave him. Thinking that it would be best to try a little soothing strategy, I told him that undoubtedly whirlwinds could be made, and that I would do my utmost to help him. This evidently pleased him, and I took my leave.

A few days afterwards Mr. Williams called on me, and wished me to go with him and see Mr. Hardie, for so was the unfortunate inventor called. He (Mr. W.) said that two days ago, on calling at Hardie's shop, he had found him weeping bitterly. On asking the cause, Hardie told him that he had owned a little house at Olean, which was, however, heavily mortgaged. Here he had a wife, and he believed (!) three or four children. That he had come to New York in order to complete his whirlwind machine in peace. That he had become so deeply engrossed in his invention that he had entirely neglected to attend to his other affairs. That the mortgage had been foreclosed, and his wife and children were beggars. "It has almost made me mad," said he. "And now, said Mr. Williams, 'I want you to come with me, and see what can be done for him. That he will soon be a maniac, unless we take care of him, I have no doubt.'"

We set out for Hardie's shop, but, upon reaching it, found it closed. Upon inquiring in the neighborhood, we found that he had moved the day before. This was the last I heard of him for years.

One day my old friend Jack Cross, captain of the ship Sierra Leone, came home from a long cruise in the Indian Ocean, and of course came to see me. One day as he sat in my room, looking at my instruments, he said, "I had a scientific man on board my ship, this last voyage, and the cursed fool drowned himself."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Why, you see, before we set sail, a fine tall fellow engaged passage in my boat, if I were going to sail to the Indian Ocean. He didn't care about landing, but wished the voyage merely for the purpose of making scientific observations. He was a pleasant fellow, but was always tinkering on some infernal machine, 'for making observations.' We were in the Indian Ocean, and were lying off Mangalore one day, when, first thing we know, up comes a waterspout. The gentleman had got us to bring his machine on deck, to make observations. Well, Sir, blast me, if when this waterspout was coming on, this lunatic didn't suddenly set sail and fly overboard, machine and all. The first thing we knew his boat, or house, or whatever it was, was paddling like the very devil for this waterspout. Pretty soon the whirlwind got it and whisked it round, and the waterspout broke and burst, and cracked the machine like an eggshell. And that was the last of the scientific gentleman."

"Yes," said I, "he found his ready-made whirlwind at last."

CUI BONO?

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

A harmless fellow, wasting useless days
Am I: I love my comfort and my leisure:
Let those who wish them, toil for gold and praise,
To me, this Summer-day brings more of pleasure.

So, here upon the grass I lie at ease,
While solemn voices from the Past are calling,
Mingled with rustling whispers in the trees,
And pleasant sounds of water idly falling.

There was a time when I had higher aims,
Than thus to lie among the flowers, and listen
To lapping birds, or watch the sunset's flames
On the broad river's surface glow and glisten.

There was a time, perhaps, when I had thought
To make a name, a name, a bright existence:
But time has shown me that my dreams were nought
Save a mirage that vanished with the distance.

Well, it is gone: I care no longer now
For fame, for fortune, or for empty praises;
Rather than wear a crown upon my brow,
I'd lie forever here among the daisies.

So you who wish for fame, good friend, pass by:
(With you I surely cannot think to quarrel;
Give me peace, rest, this bank whereon I lie,
And spare me both the labor and the laurel!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY PRESS:

In the friendly notice of my removal to Boston, made in the Press of the 30th inst., you overstate the advantages which have brought me hither. In justice to all concerned, I wish to say that my place on the editorial staff of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY is a subordinate one, and that the control of the magazine remains unaffected by my accession.

W. D. HOWELLS.

Boston, March 12th, 1866.

AMUSEMENTS.

WALLACK'S.

BENEFIT OF MR. YOUNG.

MONDAY, March 19.

First time in this city for several years. (and never acted at this establishment, the famous comedy,
THE SERIOUS FAMILY,

which met with unparalleled success on its original production, and will be revived with

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY AND APPOINTMENTS,

NOVEL CAST, AND

THE ORIGINAL SERIOUS FAMILY POLKA,
Concluding with, first time this season,
THE LAUGHING HYENA.

Box-Box Over.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.

SEASON OF 1866

MAX MARSHALL.

DIRECTOR.

* * * This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. Herald

On MONDAY EVENING, March 19th, at 8.

BENEFIT OF MRS. ELIZABETH BOSCHIO.

Last night of Petrella's grand opera,

HERE, OR THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII,

With its magnificent sets and fine cast.

MRS. BOSCHIO, MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS,

WASCHOLZ, BELLINI, ANTONIOTTI,

TUESDAY.—BENEFIT OF SIGNOR BELLINI.

L'AFRICAINA,

AND

LA GAMBALINO.

WEDNESDAY.—BENEFIT OF MISS KELLOGG.

Last night of the Grand Spectacular Opera,

THE STAR OF THE NORTH,

THURSDAY.—OPERA IN BROOKLYN.

DON GIOVANNI.

BENEFIT OF SIGNOR BELLINI.

WALLACK'S.

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. LESTER WALLACE.

* * * This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. Herald

Open at half-past seven. Begin at eight.

SATURDAY,

Second time this season Tom Taylor's highly popular Comedy,

THE UNEQUAL MATCH.

In which will appear

Messrs. Mark Smith, Young, Geo. Holland, Norton, B. T. Ring-

gold, Williams, and Pope, Miss Henriques, Miss Morant, Mrs.

John Seton, Miss Barrett and Miss Green.

MONDAY,

BENEFIT OF MR. YOUNG.

THE SERIOUS FAMILY,

(never acted here) and the

LAUGHING HYENA,

first time this season.

SOCIETY,

the last new comedy will shortly be repeated

A CARD.

BENEFIT OF

THE DISTRICT CHILDREN OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

OF THE WAR.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH,

the distinguished tragedian will, immediately preceding the close

of his present engagement, give a Matinée at the

WINTER GARDEN,

on the 24th of March, P. M., for the benefit of the institution in

56th st. for the support of the destitute children of the soldiers and

sailors who have been killed in our recent struggle for the Union.

The play will be one in which Mr. Booth has not appeared dur-

ing the present season. As the proceeds will be devoted to aid the

ladies of the institution in their efforts to increase their building

that they may meet the demands made upon them for the support

of the orphans of the brave men who have fallen upon the

battle-field and the ocean, they trust the citizens of New York will

respond in a spirit evincing their sense of this national obligation.

Mrs. CHAR. P. DALY, Vice President.

Mrs. DAVID HOTT, Secretary.

Seats may now be secured at the box-office of the Winter Gar-

den, or at Hall's music-store.

WINTER GARDEN.

* * * This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. Herald

Lessee and Manager.....J. O. STUART.

Stage Manager.....J. O. HANLEY.

LAST NIGHT

OF

RICHELIEU.

which can be performed but for

FOUR MORE NIGHTS.

WEDNESDAY, 21st,

FAREWELL MATINEE

OF

HAMLET.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 21st,

BENEFIT

OF

J. H. TAYLOR.

THE WILLOW COPSE.

Doors open at 7½. Curtain rises at 7¾ precisely.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

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* * * This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. Herald.

FIFTH WEEK

of the gifted and charming young comedienne,

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL,

who will appear THIS EVENING for the

SIXTH TIME DURING THE PRESENT ENGAGEMENT

in her celebrated role of

MARIE,

in the interesting drama, translated and adapted expressly for

Miss Mitchell by the author of Fanchon, called the

PEARL OF SAVOY;

Or, THE MOTHER'S PRAYER,

produced with

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY, ELABORATE COSTUMES,

RICH APPOINTMENTS, AND A FULL CHORUS.

Mr. J. W. Collier, J. G. Burdett, D. Bales, E. Lamb, E. B.

Holmes, W. H. Davies, E. Barry, Neel, Noland, Randel, &c., &c.

Misses Mary Welles, Maeder, H. Chapman, Everett, Whitlock,

&c., &c., in the cast.

ACT FIRST—THE PRAYER.

ACT SECOND—THE TRIUMPH.

ACT THIRD—THE ABDUCTION.

ACT FOURTH—DESPAIR.

ACT FIFTH—HAPPINESS.

Admission, 75 cents. Reserved seats, \$1. Orchestra Chairs,

\$1.50. Seats in Dress Circle Private Boxes, \$1.50. Family Circle

(entrance on Crosby street), 50 cents. Private Boxes, \$8, \$9, \$16.

Seats secured six days in advance.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager.....MRS. JOHN WOOD

Stage Manager.....J. H. SELWYN

This Establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

SATURDAY Evening, March 17th,

MRS. JOHN WOOD,

with

MR. GEORGE FAUCETT BOWE,

In the successful Burlesque of

CINDERELLA E LA COMARE.

MONDAY Evening, March 19,

BENEFIT OF MR. J. H. STODDARD.

WEDNESDAY Evening, March 21,

BENEFIT OF MISS ELIZA NEWTON.

In active preparation, in a style of magnificence, and with a

cast of characters far surpassing any previous efforts at this theatre,

A ROMANTIC SPECT

nearly alike; and afterwards I composed a little letter.

"Dear Mr. McDonnell," it said, "I have changed my mind, and will be very glad if you will join me on the road to the consecration on Sunday."

"Yours sincerely,"

"GRACE BYRNE."

"What harm can it do to send it?" thought I, trembling all the while. I folded it up, and put it in an envelope directed to Mr. McDonnell McDonnell, The Buckey Farm. "And it may do such a great deal of good! In the first place, it will prevent his marrying for spite before Sunday, and then she will be so glad to see him coming, in spite of her crossness, that she will be quite kind to him. He is always so stiff and proud when she treats him badly, that I am sure it makes her worse. She will never find out that he got any letter—not, at least, till they are quite good friends—married, perhaps—and then they will both thank me."

So the next evening, about dusk, I slipped quietly into the town and posted my letter. I was dreadfully afraid of meeting McDonnell or Gracie; but I saw no one I knew. I dropped the note in the letter-box and rushed off towards home again at full speed. I ran nearly all the way; the snowy roads were slippery in the evening frost, and near our house I fell and hurt my foot. A neighbor found me leaning against the stile and brought me home. I was to have sailed for America the very next week, but now I was laid up with a sprained ankle, and my departure was put off.

On Sunday evening, a neighbor woman who had been at the consecration came in to tell us the news. This one had been there of course, and that one had been there for a wonder. Gracie Byrne had been there in a fine new bonnet (the girl was going to the mischief with dress), and Squire Hannan had been there, and given her the flower out of his button-hole.

"And McDonnell McDonnell was with her, of course?" said I.

"Ay, deed you may swear it," said the woman. "That'll be a match before long. He walked home with her to the town, and her smilin' at him like the first of June!"

"They'll be married before I go away," said I to myself and I leaned back into my corner, for the pain of my foot sickened me.

Donnell's mother brought me a custard and some apples the next day.

"Donnell's gone to the Glens, my dear," said she, "or he would ha' been over this mornin' to see you. He went before we heard of your foot, and he won't be home for a week."

"What's he doin' there?" asked my stepmother.

"He has land there, you know," said Donnell's mother, "and he goes while to settle his affairs with them that has charge of it. I don't know rightly what he's gone about now. Something has went again him lately, for he's not like himself these few days back. He said somethin' about goin' to be married when he came home, but if he is, it's not after his heart; for I never saw a bridegroom so glum on the head of it. Bet, dear, I thought it was you he liked."

"So he does, Mrs. McDonnell," said I, "but not that way—not for his wife."

"Well, well, my dear!" said Donnell's mother, wiping her eyes.

Everybody was coming to see me now, on account of my foot. Gracie came the next day or so, and surely I was amazed at the glory of her dress! My stepmother, who did not like her, left us alone together, and Gracie's news came out. She was going to be married on next Tuesday.

"I know that," said I.

"How do you know it?" said she.

"Donnell's mother told me."

"Donnell's mother! Nothing but Donnell and Donnell's mother from you for ever! How should she know?"

"Oh, Gracie, his own—"

"Why," she burst in, "you don't imagine that he's the man? Why, it's Squire Hannan! Only think, Bet, of your Gracie being the Squire's lady!"

I was quite confounded. "Oh, oh, Gracie!" I stammered.

"Well," said she, sulking, "are you not glad?"

"Oh yes," I said, "very, on your account; but what will become of Donnell?"

"Donnell again. Now listen to me, Bet. I know when a man likes me, and when he doesn't like me, just as well as any other girl; and I've seen this many a day, that Donnell didn't care a pin about me. Not he. He only wanted me to marry him that the people might not say I jilted him. I told him that the other day, when he asked me to have him. 'No matter what I want you for,' said he; 'I want you.' 'Thank you,' said I. And then what had he the impudence to say! If I changed my mind before Sunday I was to send him word, that he might come to the consecration with me. Then he would set off for the Glens on Monday, and settle some business there, and be home for our wedding in a week!"

I screamed out, seeing what I had done.

"The poor foot!" cried Gracie, thinking I was in pain. "Is it bad?"

"Never mind it!" said I. "And what did you say?"

"I said," Gracie went on, "that whatever morning he got up and saw black snow on the ground, that day he might look for a message from me. And yet he had the meanness to walk with me on Sunday, after all. And the best fun of it, is, that they say he's gone to the Glens."

"Oh, oh!" said I, beginning to groan again, and

pretending it was all my foot. After that, Gracie talked about herself and Squire Hannan until she went away. And somehow I never had felt as little sorry to part with her before. She seemed not to be my own Gracie any longer.

And now I was nearly out of my senses, thinking what mischief might come of my meddling. I was sure that McDonnell and Squire Hannan would fight and kill one another, and all through me. I thought I would give all I had in the world to see McDonnell before any one else had told him the news, and confess to him what I had done. On Tuesday, about midday, a countryman from the Glens came in to light his pipe, and he said he had passed McDonnell, of Buckey Farm, on the way.

"An' I think things must be goin' badly with him," said he, "for he has a look on his face as black as the potato blight."

"Somebody has told him, maybe!" said I to myself. And I put on my shawl, and, borrowing a stick from an old neighbor, I hobbled off secretly up the road towards the Glens. I soon got tired and dreadfully cold, as I could not walk fast, and I sat down on a bit of an old gray bridge to watch for McDonnell coming past. At last he came thundering along, and although it was getting dusk I could see that he had his head down, and looked dreadfully dark and unhappy.

"Donnell!" said I, calling out to him.

"Who's that?" he said. "Why, it's never little Bet!"

"But indeed it is," said I. "Oh, McDonnell, did you hear? I came to tell you, Gracie was married this morning to Squire Hannan."

"Whew!" he gave a long whistle. "The jilt!" said he, and he snapped his fingers. But his whole face brightened up.

"She's not so much a jilt as you think, McDonnell," said I, "for—oh, how can I ever tell you!—it was I who wrote you the note you got last week, and she had nothing to do with it. I did it for the best, I did indeed, for I thought that Gracie liked you; I did indeed! And oh, McDonnell, sure you won't go and kill Squire Hannan?"

"Won't I," said he, looking awfully savage. "I cut a great blackthorn this morning in the Glens for no other purpose but to beat out his brains."

I gave a great scream, and, dropping my stick, fell along with it; but McDonnell picked me up, and set me safe on his horse behind him.

"Now," said he, "I'll tell you what it is little Bet. I'll make a bargain. You'll marry me, and I won't touch Squire Hannan."

"I marry you?" cried I, "after—after Gracie. Indeed I will not, McDonnell McDonnell."

"I've behaved badly," said he, "but I'm very sorry. It's long since I liked you better than Gracie, but the devil of pride was in me, and the people were saying she would jilt me. When I got your bit of a note, I felt as if I was goin' to be hung. God bless Squire Hannan! Now will you marry me little Bet?"

"No," said I. And with that he whipped up his horse, and dashed off with me at the speed of a hunt.

"Stop, stop!" cried I. "Where are you taking me to? You've passed the turn of our road."

But I might as well shout to the wind. On we dashed, up hill and down hill, through fields and through bogs, with the hedges running along by our side, and the moon whizzing past us among the bare branches of the trees. He never drew rein till the horse stopped at the dear Buckey Farm house door when he carried me straight into the bright warm kitchen where his mother had the tea set out, and the cakes smoking ready for his return.

"Talk her into reason," said he, putting me into his mother's arms. "I want her to marry me, and she says she won't."

I did my best to keep sulky for a proper length of time, but it was the hardest thing I ever tried to do, and they both so kind, and the place so bright and cozy, and I being so happy on the sly all the time? So the end of it was that I did not go to America, and that I am Mrs. McDonnell of the Buckey Farm. But I never tried match-making again.

(From the New York Tribune.)

THE FASHIONS.

THE EARLY SPRING MODES.

France, the gay and beautiful, already catches glints of soft, May sunshine, and sends us prophecies of lovely days to come, in fabrics which seem woven of river mists or the dewy cobwebs on the grass, and dyed with tints that are ravished from her flowers and radiant skies. Here, as yet, we do not feel the bland and irresistible enchantment of the Spring. There is no tender warmth in our clear heavens, and the winds that buffet us blow straight from glittering icebergs. Clouds of our kindred dust swirl along Broadway and make unpleasant overtures of affection. Thus discourteously treated, the most liberal theology inclines to dismal views of the world's regeneration, and the most alert gentility finds the milliner's model hollow, and despairingly wears its old bonnet, too depressed to care for new. And Lenten entertainment, indeed, shall be meted to those players of the fantastic Masque of Life who come in doublets of the newest fashion to this melancholy court.

Nevertheless, if one listens to the diapason of the winds at high noon, when the sun is shining, one hears sweet, flute-like murmurs of that vernal Opera of Nature, new every Springtide, whose choruses are songs of birds, and low of cattle, whose appointments are so lavish and so perfect, and whose artists never disappoint.

And as with whatever change of season, scene or circumstance, in the busy round of life, comes the impelling necessity of new feminine attire, learn in due time, dear ladies, what pretty things invite you to wear them, and make your wise selection while the evil days of haste, and fatigue, and moving draw not nigh, when you shall say you have no pleasure in them.

FABRICS.

The prints, percales, and muslins have never been as beautiful as this season. Here are yellows pale as the tassels of the Indian corn, or bright and brave as the dandelion. Lavenders, and violets, and soft, cool grays, and pinks like early June roses are everywhere. A purple flower tossed down on one—a curling feather of brake caught on another—here a little spray of mignonette so perfect that it seems to make the counter fragrant—and there a fringe of mosses or a spray of seaweed. There are diaphanous muslins so fine, so delicate-hued, that they are symbols rather than substances, and in this blue, a blonde might be the incarnate sky, or in that misty white with its arbutus vine, the Spring, herself. There are stripes, of course, because stripes will be the prevailing mode, and these are the least pretty of all. For, lovely as the varied colors are, their fixity and patchiness destroy all grace in the costume, and give that Zebra effect which is objectionable.

REFORM LEAGUES.

In Paris, it is whispered that leagues are formed in the name of Sainte Mouseline to promote a universal and tasteful simplicity of costume. Monsieur Dupin's whip of scorpions has lashed some uneasy consciences into action. We have not that child-like confidence in feminine covenants of abstinence which once possessed us. For we remember the great meeting called at Cooper Institute to which women were entreated to come, and lay their love of dress, a costly sacrifice, on the altar of patriotism. The long line of showy equipages invaded the neighboring streets. Fair dames in stiff brocades and priceless laces swept down the dim staircases and, with hands that flashed with jewels, voted to buy no foreign articles with which they felt they could dispense. Then the shopmen enlarged their phylacteries, and greatly magnified their office, and sold French fabrics as never before.

Any dress reform, dear damsels, must come from the rich, and from the tasteful, and from the young. For poor women, and dowdy women, and fading women will not broaden the line which the bitterly feel to be dividing them from their more fortunate neighbors. In this country, where we have no assumed upper classes, a costly wardrobe is the only superficial and external token of position, and a priceless silk, or a superb shawl is to many women what an old name, or a coat of arms on the carriage panel, is to an English dame. How absurd and valueless such a criterion of social standing must be the experience of every day declares. Loitering yesterday at a fashionable jeweler's, a gorgeous lady entered to give orders for a silver breakfast service. In a speech of one minute in length, she made six deadly assaults on the President's English, and closed the conversation by a request that the "letzte" set might be sent to her carriage, which splendid equipage waited at the door. Her robe was shining silk; the flounce on her cloak was real lace and priceless, and the clustered diamonds of her brooch tremulously flashed hints of untold revenue in the purse that bought them. It is probable that that glittering lady had kept the decalogue from her youth up, and loved her neighbor as herself. But one could not help a dreadful suspicion that she ate with her knife and audibly sipped her soup, and a censorious world might hint that a little less grandeur and a little more grammar would be a fitter entrance fee at the portals of really good society.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF COSTUME.

Before the war, the possession of a camel's hair shawl was something which the richest women achieved late in a lifetime, and then felt that they had touched the acme of existence. Now you shall count hundreds between Grace church and Canal street, on any sunny afternoon. Fat, and dowdy, and ill-conditioned women assume them till only their inherent and wonderful beauty redeems them from the ban of unpleasant association. We do not mean that there exists between these perfect cashmeres and the wife of a pawnbroker any necessary incongruity. And we would utterly protest against any mode of dress which could look like a badge of station or class.

But the ditcher's frayed hat on the king's head is not more out of place than the king's crown on the low-browed ditcher. And when vulgar women wear garments so noticeable for coarseness, or elegance, or gorgeousness as to compel attention, they but advertise their vulgarity. Since it is hopeless to appeal to them, we pray you, fair Aurora, lovely as your celestial namesake—and you, stately Valeria, whom, when you walk, penive, by the melancholy ocean in the soft Summer nights, the tides mistake for Luna, and follow—and you, exquisite Viola, whose grace would mold armor into soft curves, were you compelled to wear it, and whose beauty could not be quenched by a black domino and mask—you, who have sense, and sentiment, and insight—begin to make dress a fine art and not a vanity, and so shall all thoughtful souls bless you! We cannot afford to become a nation of tailors' and milliners' models. Whether you go to Saratoga, and Newport, and Long Branch, there to find New York again, and live the same empty and whirling, and restless round of days that consume you here, and ask yourselves nightly, as you lie down on your beds to watch the peaceful stars, whether anything in life is worth the

price you pay for it, or flitting to some sweet and quiet nook, among the immovable mountains, or within hearing of the deep and tender sea, the jar and fret of existence are far away, and in a new world you grow childlike and simple—at least go clad in simplicity, and do not offend the homeliness of Nature with the artifices of the town.

THE DEMI-MONDE.

It is a sad truth, and one to be heeded, that the women who to-day ordain the prevailing mode in Paris, are not the women whom it is sweet or wise to imitate. To them we owe the bizarre and senseless display of the last few months; the taste for rococo and ugly ornaments; the use of tinsel, camels, and bullion; the tendency to extravagant and foolish outlay. It is women who can attract and keep the attention of men only through continual surprises of daring toilettes—women without the sweetest womanliness and grace of culture—graduates of a school by no means pure—who study dress as a bad means to a worse end—who are devising the pronounced styles and *outré* shapes at which our belles to-day demur, though certain to-morrow to accept them.

So absolute is this way that reputable wives and mothers have asked admission to the gaudy salons of Mademoiselle Hypolite and Mademoiselle Ninette, that they may understand the potent charms with which these dancing sirens hold the callow hearts of Edouard and Etienne, or the worn-out hearts of Monsieur le Marquis and their Excellencies, the nabobs.

In these days, when hotels and steamboats display such miracles of upholstery and decoration as private fortunes cannot compass; when those accessories of wealth whose only value is the ease and culture they bring, are flaunted by vulgar people as an offensive ostentation; when elaborate and costly dress is the armor and the badge of a class of women who are mercenary, vain, frivolous, and unwomanly, do these possessions seem to you, dear Aurora, things eagerly to be desired? Think, lovely lady, whether the Great Republic may not deserve to hear that her sons are more enslaved to money-getting, her daughters to money-spending, than any nation's. Reflect whether a man may toil for gold, year after year, and not lose something of his manliness; whether a woman may give her time, and thoughts, and care to dress, and visiting, and the pretentious ordering of her household, and not lose something of her womanliness. And when you have reflected, buy the muslin instead of the silk and the grenadine, put the money saved into United States securities, or make any other wise use of it, and be happy.

THE SURGEON'S REVENGE.

I loved her, and she knew it well;
She'd made a careful diagnosis,
And gave me, like a naughty belle,
Her smiles in very little doses.
I sent her notes and tender rhymes,
With bottles of her father's tonic;
And I had told her many times
I loved her—so the case was chronic.

She scorned me. I need hardly say
That oft in anguish I would leave her;
My love would ebb and flow each day,
A sort of intermittent fever.
I used all remedies I knew—
Took stimulants, and then tried ices;
But no refrigerants would do,
The case was one eternal crisis.

I had a rival, woe is me,
The fact I must, perforce, acknowledge—
A Homeopathist was he—
A wretch who never passed the College.
And though I often called him quack,
He used to say how much I taught him;
But laughed at me behind my back,
With her,—I know it, for I caught him.

We were good friends in outward guise,
For in the village we were fixtures;
And to such heights did friendship rise,
We even took each other's mixtures!
Of that arrangement I'd the best,
His globules were a harmless present;
But the poor fellow oft confessed
My compounds were by no means pleasant.

We used to take long walks with her—
We two who loved her to distraction—
And pleasant smiles her lips would stir,
To us 'twas hardly satisfaction.
When incompatibles agree,
And soda isn't riled by acid,
At that time—not till then—shall we
Agree to love her, and be placid!

So things went on, the end drew near,
They came one morn—her face was prouder;
He said in fun that he felt queer,
I rose and waved a Heidlitz Powder.
A powder wrapt in papers two
I gave him in the loved one's presence;
He took the white one, then the blue,
And died a death of effervescence!

London Fun.

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AND
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(Corner of 2nd Street.)

FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER.

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

Oh, for some deep secluded dell,
Where brick and mortar life may cease,
To sit down in a pot of grease,
No—no—I mean a grot of peace.

I'd choose a home by Erin's wave,
With not a sound to mar life's lot,
I'd by the cannon have a shot—
No—by the Shannon have a cot.]

How fair that rocky isle around,
That wild expanse to scan it o'er,
I love a shiver with a roar—
I mean a river by the shore.

Romantic Erin's sea girl land,
How sweet with one you love the most,
To watch the cocks upon the roost—
I mean the rocks upon the coast.

'Twas sweet at moonlight's mystic hour,
To wander forth where few frequent,
To come upon a tipsy gow—
No—no—I mean a gipsy tent.

In that retirement, love, I would
Pursue some rustic industry,
And make myself a boiling tea—
No—no—I mean a tolling bee.

Beneath a shady sycamore,
How sweet to breathe the love's tender vow,
Your dear one bitten by a cow—
No—I mean sitting by a bough.

Or sweet with your fond wife to sit
Outside your door at daylight's close,
While she's hard hitting at your nose—
—I mean hard knitting at your hose.

Perhaps on early eves you brood,
While sympathy her sweet face shows;
'Tis good to walk upon one's toes—
—I mean to talk upon one's woes.

Ah! still you watch that fairy shape,
A summer dress which does adorn,
Admiring much her laugh of scorn—
No—no—I mean her scarf of lawn.

[From the London "Fun."]

MRS. BROWN ON LIBEL.

To my dyin' day I never shall forget what my feelins was when I got that lawyer's letter, a-sayin' as I was to be persecuted for a label.

I says, "It can't be, never," though me and Mrs. Elkins made it out so to read; but when Brown come in he says, "You're only subpenned for a witness."

Whatever he meant I can't say, though it were an action agin Mrs. Portlock for defamement agin Mrs. Hardrup's character, as is a party as I never would have let to myself, but Mr. Portlock did, through her a-comin' up sudden with him in a cab, as I see was a seafarin' man through a seal-skin cap and a short pipe out of the cab window. For it so 'appened I was a-puttin' up a clean blind to the parlor-winder just as they come up, and so couldn't help a-seelin' of them, not as I said nothin' then, but had my opinions.

I'm sure the bother as that trial were was enough for to wear any one down to the grave. How them judges can have the patience for to set and listen to all the rubbish as is talked afore 'em puzzles me.

But what I could not stand, if I was a judge, would be a lot of them common jury-men, a-avin' the impudence for to fly slap in my face and findin' not guilty when I said as it were contrariwise. A parcel of fellows as to look at you'd say didn't know great A from a chest of drawers, as the sayin' is. There they was a-settin', a-pretending to look that wise, as I could hardly keep from laughin'.

Old Boddy, the broker, as called his-self foreman, and Lucas, as in the grocery-line, a reg'lar old fool, as daren't say a word at home without his wife's leave, as no doubt she'd told him how he was to vote afore ever he come out, as she does every Easter Tuesday a-electin' of the parish officers. I should like to see him a-darin' to go agin her.

I don't believe as them men know'd what was bein' said, and as to their bein' put over the judge, it's enough to make a cat laugh.

I was kep' a-waitin' about them courts three days afore our trial come on till I got that used to it that I do think as I could try anything myself.

The day as our trial were on I never see anythin' like the wet, and that court a-smellin' of damp umbrellas as was sickenin'. How them poor dear judges can bear themselves with their hot headdress and fur I can't think.

I was of a pretty twitter I can tell you when I got in the box for to swear, but through a-knowin' manners made my obedience to the judge, as didn't seem to see me, as I've heard say in their ways, through bein' supposed to be blind in their judgments as is, of course, right; and I think as that judge as I were before must have been deaf too, though, praps it was only his wig over his ears as made him so, like my own Aunt Pemble, as was run over by a light wag through wearin' of a beaver bonnet tied tight down over her ears, as made her a perfect post for hearin', and as to its bein' a light wag it was heavy enough to break both her arms as the wheels went over, and if that judge don't mind be'll be run over as sure as ever he walks out in that wig. I'd a good mind for to tell him.

Well, one of them lawyers he got up with his wig and a slobberin' bib under his chin, as must be useless, for he's done dribblin' by this time, and hasn't got no white paper to save like that judge, as bein'

well on in life any slobber, for once a man twice a child, as the sayin' is. So that lawyer he looks at me very hard, and asks me if I know'd the nature of an oath?

"Well," I says, "that depends; for I've heard some oaths as sounds downright sinful," I says, "and I've know'd a party as would say one and not mean it, like a party as I once know'd, as were a minister, and yet said 'damn it' in haste through a burnin' himself with the handle of the kettle in givin' water to the lady as was makin' tea at a serious party, and wouldn't have him though he went down on his bended knees for pardon, through her havin' thirty thousand pounds, as was forty herself if a hour, and as plain a woman as you'd see in a day's walk." So I says, "I don't hold with swearin' as is a seafarin' habit, and praps they can't make themselves heard in them ragin' winds without it; but," I says, "swear in cold blood's disgraceful."

"Now," says the lawyer, "will you swear?" I says, "Never!"

He says, "Be quiet." I says, "With pleasure."

"Now," he says, "on your oath did Mrs. Portlock ever tell you that Mrs. Hardrup was no better than she ought to be?" "Them never was her words," I says; "and if they had been I should have said—"

"Never mind what you would have said." "But I do mind," says I, "for I'm one of them as keeps keeps my 'ands from pickin' and stealin', with my tongue—"

"Oh, that'll do," says he. "Yes," I says, "I knows it will; but," I says, "it's a pity as more don't keep to it."

So the judge he said somethin'. It's my opinion he'd be 'avin' of a nap for he seemed fractions in his ways, as I've know'd infants on wakin'.

The lawyer was quite put out with his words, for he turns on me quite savage and says, "Now no more nonsense, if you please, Mrs. Brown, answer my questions?" I says, "By all means; but," I says, "you'll excuse me, but I'm not the party as talks nonsense."

So he says, "You were drinkin' tea with Mrs. Portlock on Wednesday evenin', November the 7th, were you not?" I says, "Never!"

He says, "What day was it?" "Can't say."

He says, "Can't you? Well, then, I'll help your memory. Do you remember meetin' Mrs. Walby and Mrs. Shaw at tea in November last at Mrs. Portlock's?" "Yes, I do," says I, "but not on a Wednesday."

"Well," he says, "no matter." I says, "Praps not to you, but it do to me, for it's Brown's club night, and if he was to read in the papers as I was out of a Wednesday it might cause words."

So the lawyer he says, "What was the subject of your conversation?" I says, "Let me see, as far as I can remember me and Mrs. Shaw was a-talkin' about her married daughter as was deliote. So I says if she was a daughter of mine—"

"We don't want to hear about such things," says he. "I thought not," I says, "though it seemed as you did by aakin', though I was surprised I must say."

"Did you ever hear Mrs. Portlock say anythin' about Mrs. Hardrup?" "Yes, I did."

"What did she say?" "Why she said that Mrs. Hardrup was very poor, and she did believe as she often would not have broke her fast if it hadn't been as she took her up a bit of somethin' with a cup of tea."

"What did she say about her character?" "Why she said as she'd took her in without one, it was too late to ask about it."

"Why did she take her in without a character?" "Why because in her circumstances she must have gone to the workus, and the man as was with her begged so hard."

"Who was the man?" says he. "That's best known to Mrs. Hardrup; but through me not a-knowin', cannot say."

Then the judge he bust out agin, and the lawyers looked puzzled. Another one gets up and says to me, "You never heard Mrs. Portlock say a word agin Mrs. Hardrup?" I says, "Never, for there wasn't no occasion."

"Why not?" says the first lawyer, jumpin' up. "Because," I says, "them as cared to know could soon have found out, and them as didn't care wouldn't ask."

"You may stand down," says he. "That's a mercy," says I, "for I'm stifled, and if I was you I'd keep a peppermint drop in my mouth constant, as is a good thing agin the foul air in this place, as is like a wild-beast show for closeness."

So I was 'anded out, and as I came out I heard some one remark as I must be a born fool. "Praps I am," I says; "but if I've any of your impudence I'll just step back and tell the judge." And it was all their spite agin me, for I don't think them lawyers got much out of me, and Mrs. Portlock got the day, as was all them wagabones' spite, though, poor soul, they're runnin' in her debt, and not a-wantin' to pay, and took a house within three doors, and shot the moon. So poor Mrs. Portlock was done after all, and for my part if I was labelled ever so much I'd never go to law.

A young lady whose father is improving the family mansion, insists upon having a bean window put in for her benefit.

A TAX THAT CONGRESSMEN NEVER IMPLY UPON US.—Syntax.

SONG OF THE BILLIARD BALL.—O! carcen me back!

RIGHT ABOUT FACE.—Lavater on Physiognomy.

BET'S MATCH-MAKING.

The only time I ever tried match-making in my life was when I was seventeen, and I then so burnt my fingers over the business that I took care never to meddle with it again. I was living at the time with my stepmother on her farm near Ballymena. My father was dead, and my stepmother did not like me. She had placed me for a time with a milliner in the town, but finding it expensive supporting me apart from her, had taken me away again. She was thinking of a second marriage, though I did not know it at the time. But this I did know—that she had written to some distant friends of my father in America, who had unwillingly consented to take me off her hands.

I don't think it would have been half as hard for me to have made up my mind to die; for I was a shy little thing, without a bit of courage to deal with strangers, and my heart was fit to burst at the thought of leaving the very few friends whom I had to love, and my own little corner of the world, where the trees of the road knew me. But I felt it would have to be done, and I lay awake all night after the letter arrived, trying to think how I should ever be brave enough to say good-bye to my dear friend Gracie Byrne, and to Gracie's lover, Donnell McDonnell.

Gracie was the cleverest of all Miss Doran's apprentices. She was an orphan without a friend to look after her, and she was the loveliest girl in the country. People said she was proud and vain; but I never could think she was either. She and I loved one another dearly, though I cannot think what attracted her to poor little plain me. She had plenty of admirers, and she quenced it finely amongst them; but the only one to whom I would have given her with all my heart was Donnell McDonnell. And, oh dear! he was the very one whom she would not look at.

Donnell and I were great friends, and I had promised to do all I could to help him with Gracie. He was young and strong, and as bonny a man as could be seen. He had a fine farm, all his own, some three miles across country from my stepmother's place. If Gracie would but marry him, she should live like a lady, and drive into Ballymena on her own jauntying car. But she was always saying that she would go away to London, and be a great "West-end" milliner. This terrified me badly, seeing that London is such a wicked place.

My stepmother was always crying out that Gracie would come to a sorrowful end, which made me wild; and as I lay awake that wretched night I thought a great deal about what might happen to her if she went away to London by herself, and she so handsome, and not having a friend at all. And I wished with all my strength that she would marry Donnell McDonnell before I went away to America, which would ease my mind about her, and also about him. For I felt the greatest pity in the world for kind big Donnell's disappointment.

My stepmother was provoked at my sad face next day, and called me ungrateful. But when I cried bitterly she got a little kinder, and in the evening allowed me to go into Ballymena to see my friend Gracie. So towards sundown, when the snow was getting red upon the fences, I wrapped my shawl about me and set off for the town; sobbing loudly to ease my heart, all along the lonely road where there was no one to hear me but the robins. The brown trees against the dusky red sky, the white swelling lines of the fields, the dark chimneys of the town on before me, where all blent in a dismal maze, when who should leap over a stile and stand beside me but Gracie's great lover, Donnell. I told him my eyes were only watering with the cold, and he turned and walked alongside of me for a good way, while we talked of Gracie of course. He was very angry at her, and said she was playing fast and loose with him, and making him the sport of the town and country. I took Gracie's part, and so we went on till we came to the last white gate on the road, and began to meet the townspeople. Then I told him I was going away, and he looked so vexed that I nearly cried again. I felt so glad to see him sorry.

"Well, little Bet," said he, "we must give you a good dance over in yon big farm house of ours before you go. And, in the mean time—"

"I'll see to your business, Donnell," said I, smiling. "Never fear but I'll do your business to the last."

Then he shook my two hands till he nearly squeezed them into jelly, and left me.

When I went into Miss Doran's it was past the work hour, and the girls were putting on their bonnets to go away; Gracie only was sitting close to the candle, putting the flowers on a ball-dress for one of the county ladies. She having the nicest taste, had always the honor of giving the finishing touches to the most particular work. She looked very tired, but oh, so handsome, with her pale cheek against the yellow light, and her dark head bending over a mass of white and rose-color tulle.

"A bud here," said she, "and a spray there, and then I have done. You'll come home with me and sleep. That cross stepmother of yours won't see you again to-night."

"Don't talk that way, Gracie," said I; "but I came intending to stay." And the work being finished, we went home to her lodgings.

A lovely bunch of flowers was lying on her table, and she laughed and blushed, and looked beautiful when she saw it.

"Who is that from, Gracie?" said I. "Donnell?"

"No, indeed," said she, tossing her head. But I

was sure that was a fib, for she looked as if it were possible, lying resting herself in her arm-chair, side fire, while I sat out the tea-things. She looking so glad, and the shabby room looking so snug, and our little tea-drinking being so cozy, I could not bear to tell her the bad news now, and began to set about Donnell's business.

"Gracie," said I, "I wish you would marry Donnell soon."

"Soon?" said she, opening her eyes, and looking at me angrily. "I'll never marry him!"

"But you know, Gracie," said I, getting hot about it, "that you ought to marry him. He says—that is I know—you have made him the laughing stock of the country, and—"

"Very fine!" cried she. "And so he has been complaining to you, has he?"

"I did not say that," said I; "but, oh, Gracie, I know you like some one. I saw you smiling over a letter the other day, just the way you are smiling now."

"And what if I do?" said she, laughing and tossing her head; "that does not prove that it must be Donnell."

"There is no one else so good," said I, eagerly. "It could not be any one else."

"Pon my word," said she, staring at me, "I think you had better go and marry him yourself."

"I? Oh, Gracie!" said I, starting up and sitting down again, and beginning to cry, "I wanted to tell you that I am going to America."

You may be sure we talked no more about Donnell that night.

Donnell did not fall to keep his word about giving me a feast before I left the country. He invited three pipers to play, and half the countryside to dance. Gracie and I met at the cross roads, and walked over to the farm together, she bringing a troop of beaux with her from the town. The farm is a dear old place, with orchard trees growing up round the house, and it looked so homely that frosty night. Donnell's mother met us at the door, and unpinned our shawls in her own room. Gracie looked beautiful in a pretty new dress and bright ribbon. Donnell's mother stroked my hair with her hand, and struck a bit of holly in the front of my black frock. She kept me with her, after Gracie had gone down-stairs, holding my hand, and asking me about my going to America. And the place felt so safe and warm, and she was so kind and motherly, after what I was accustomed to at home, that my heart got so sore I could scarcely bear it.

We had a great tea-drinking in the parlor, and then we went out to the kitchen, and the pipers fell to work, and Gracie was as amiable as possible to Donnell. But just in the middle of our dancing the latch of the back door was lifted, and Squire Hannan walked in in his top-boots.

"I wanted to speak to you on business, McDonnell," he said, "but I will not disturb you now."

"Will you do us the honor of joining us, sir?" said Donnell. Squire Hannan needed no second invitation. He was soon making his bow before Gracie, and Donnell saw no more of her smiles that night. She danced with the squire till it was time to go home, and then, after she had set out for the town, escorted by him and her other beaux, Donnell's mother kissed me, and Donnell drew my arm through his, and walked home with me across the snowy fields to my stepmother's house. He was abusing Gracie all the way, and I was, as usual, taking her part.

He came to see me one day soon after, and brought me a basket of lovely winter pears. He leaned against the wall and watched me making the butter. He was disgusted with Gracie, he said; she was a flirt, and he did not care a pin about her, only he would not be made a fool of. She had refused to let him walk with her across the hills next Sunday, to the consecration of the new church, and if he did not get some token that she had changed her mind between that and this, he would never, he swore, look her way again, but go and marry some one else for spite.

"Oh no, Donnell," said I, "I promise me you won't do that!" For I was sure that Gracie liked him all the while.

"But I will," said he, smiling; "at least, if other people will have me."

"Oh, don't, don't!" said I; but he would not promise.

"It's my mind," said my stepmother, after he had gone, "that you had's more like a lover of yours than hers. Why don't you catch him, and then you needn't go to America."

"Mother!" I cried, and felt the room spinning round with me, till I caught and held on by the door.

"Well, well," she said, "you needn't look so mad. Many a girl 'd be glad of him."

I thought a great deal about how he had sworn that he would marry some one else if he did not hear from Gracie before Sunday. "I'm sure she likes him," I thought; "she cannot help it. She must have seen how mean even Squire Hannan looked beside him the other night. And it would be a most dreadful thing if he was married to some one he did not care about, and if she went off to London, with a broken heart, to be a 'West-end' milliner." I thought about it, and thought about it. There was no use going to Gracie, for she would only laugh and mock at me. All at once a bright idea came in my head.

I was afraid to think of what I was going to do; but that night, when my stepmother had gone to bed, leaving me to finish spinning some wool, I got out a sheet of paper and a little note of Gracie's which I had in my work-box, and began to imitate Gracie's handwriting. I had not much trouble, for we wrote

nearly alike; and afterwards I composed a little letter.

"Dear Mr. McDonnell," it said, "I have changed my mind, and will be very glad if you will join me on the road to the consecration on Sunday."

"Yours sincerely,
"GRACE BYRNE."

"What harm can it do to send it?" thought I, trembling all the while. I folded it up, and put it in an envelope directed to Mr. McDonnell McDonnell, The Buckey Farm. "And it may do such a great deal of good! In the first place, it will prevent his marrying for spite before Sunday, and then she will be so glad to see him coming, in spite of her crossness, that she will be quite kind to him. He is always so stiff and proud when she treats him badly, that I am sure it makes her worse. She will never find out that he got any letter—not, at least, till they are quite good friends—married, perhaps—and then they will both thank me."

So the next evening, about dusk, I slipped quietly into the town and posted my letter. I was dreadfully afraid of meeting McDonnell or Gracie; but I saw no one I knew. I dropped the note in the letter-box and rushed off towards home again at full speed. I ran nearly all the way; the snowy roads were slippery in the evening frost, and near our house I fell and hurt my foot. A neighbor found me leaning against the stile and brought me home. I was to have sailed for America the very next week, but now I was laid up with a sprained ankle, and my departure was put off.

On Sunday evening, a neighbor woman who had been at the consecration came in to tell us the news. This one had been there of course, and that one had been there for a wonder. Gracie Byrne had been there in a fine new bonnet (the girl was going to the mischief with dress), and Squire Hannan had been there, and given her the flower out of his button-hole.

"And McDonnell McDonnell was with her, of course?" said I.

"Ay, deed you may swear it," said the woman. "That'll be a match before long. He walked home with her to the town, and her smilin' at him like the first of June!"

"They'll be married before I go away," said I to myself and I leaned back into my corner, for the pain of my foot sickened me.

Donnell's mother brought me a custard and some apples the next day.

"Donnell's gone to the Glens, my dear," said she, "or he would ha' been over this mornin' to see you. He went before we heard of your foot, and he won't be home for a week."

"What's he doin' there?" asked my stepmother.

"He has land there, you know," said Donnell's mother, "and he goes whiles to settle his affairs with them that has charge of it. I don't know rightly what he's gone about now. Something has went again him lately, for he's not like himself these few days back. He said somethin' about goin' to be married when he came home, but if he is, it's not after his heart; for I never saw a bridegroom so glum on the head of it. Bet, dear, I thought it was you he liked."

"So he does, Mrs. McDonnell," said I, "but not that way—not for his wife."

"Well, well, my dear!" said Donnell's mother, wiping her eyes.

Everybody was coming to see me now, on account of my foot. Gracie came the next day or so, and surely I was amazed at the glory of her dress! My stepmother, who did not like her, left us alone together, and Gracie's news came out. She was going to be married on next Tuesday.

"I know that," said I.

"How do you know it?" said she.

"Donnell's mother told me."

"Donnell's mother! Nothing but Donnell and Donnell's mother from you for ever! How should she know?"

"Oh, Gracie, his own—"

"Why," she burst in, "you don't imagine that he's the man? Why, it's Squire Hannan! Only think, Bet, of your Gracie being the Squire's lady!"

I was quite confounded. "Oh, oh, Gracie!" I stammered.

"Well," said she, sulking, "are you not glad?"

"Oh yes," I said, "very, on your account; but what will become of Donnell?"

"Donnell again. Now listen to me, Bet. I know when a man likes me, and when he doesn't like me, just as well as any other girl; and I've seen this many a day, that Donnell didn't care a pin about me. Not he. He only wanted me to marry him, that the people might not say I jilted him. I told him that the other day, when he asked me to have him. 'No matter what I want you for,' said he; 'I want you.' 'Thank you,' said I. And then what had he the impudence to say! If I changed my mind before Sunday I was to send him word, that he might come to the consecration with me. Then he would set off for the Glens on Monday, and settle some business there, and be home for our wedding in a week!"

I screamed out, seeing what I had done.

"The poor foot!" cried Gracie, thinking I was in pain. "Is it bad?"

"Never mind it!" said I. "And what did you say?"

"I said," Gracie went on, "that whatever morning he got up and saw black snow on the ground, that day he might look for a message from me. And yet he had the meanness to walk with me on Sunday, after all. And the best fun of it, is, that they say he's gone to the Glens."

"Oh, oh!" said I, beginning to groan again, and

pretending it was all my foot. After that, Gracie talked about herself and Squire Hannan until she went away. And somehow I never had felt as little sorry to part with her before. She seemed not to be my own Gracie any longer.

And now I was nearly out of my senses, thinking what mischief might come of my meddling. I was sure that Donnell and Squire Hannan would fight and kill one another, and all through me. I thought I would give all I had in the world to see Donnell before any one else had told him the news, and confess to him what I had done. On Tuesday, about mid-day, a countryman from the Glens came in to light his pipe, and he said he had passed M'Donnell, of Buckey Farm, on the way.

"An' I think things must be goin' badly with him," said he, "for he has a look on his face as black as the potato blight."

"Somebody has told him, maybe!" said I to myself. And I put on my shawl, and, borrowing a stick from an old neighbor, I hobbled off secretly up the road towards the Glens. I soon got tired and dreadfully cold, as I could not walk fast, and I sat down on a bit of an old grey bridge to watch for Donnell coming past. At last he came thundering along, and although it was getting dusk I could see that he had his head down, and looked dreadfully dark and unhappy.

"Donnell!" said I, calling out to him.

"Who's that?" he said. "Why, it's never little Bet!"

"But indeed it is," said I. "Oh, Donnell, did you hear? I came to tell you. Gracie was married this morning to Squire Hannan."

"Whew!" he gave a long whistle. "The jilt!" said he, and he snapped his fingers. But his whole face brightened up.

"She's not so much a jilt as you think, Donnell," said I, "for—oh, how can I ever tell you—it was I who wrote you the note you got last week, and she had nothing to do with it. I did it for the best, I did indeed, for I thought that Gracie liked you; I did indeed! And oh, Donnell, sure you won't go and kill Squire Hannan?"

"Won't I," said he, looking awfully savage. "I cut a great blackthorn this morning in the Glens for no other purpose but to beat out his brains."

I gave a great scream, and, dropping my stick, fell along with it; but Donnell picked me up, and set me safe on his horse behind him.

"Now," said he, "I'll tell you what it is little Bet. I'll make a bargain. You'll marry me, and I won't touch Squire Hannan."

"I marry you?" cried I, "after—after Gracie. Indeed I will not, Donnell M'Donnell."

"I've behaved badly," said he, "but I'm very sorry. It's long since I liked you better than Gracie, but the devil of pride was in me, and the people were saying she would jilt me. When I got your bit of a note, I felt as if I was goin' to be hung. God bless Squire Hannan! Now will you marry me little Bet?"

"No," said I. And with that he whipped up his horse, and dashed off with me at the speed of a hunt.

"Stop, stop!" cried I. "Where are you taking me to? You've passed the turn of our road."

But I might as well shout to the wind. On we dashed, up hill and down hill, through fields and through bogs, with the hedges running along by our side, and the moon whizzing past us among the bare branches of the trees. He never drew rein till the horse stopped at the dear Buckey Farm house door when he carried me straight into the bright warm kitchen where his mother had the tea set out, and the cakes smoking ready for his return.

"Talk her into reason," said he, putting me into his mother's arms. "I want her to marry me, and she says she won't."

I did my best to keep sulky for a proper length of time, but it was the hardest thing I ever tried to do, and they both so kind, and the place so bright and cozy, and I being so happy on the sly all the time? So the end of it was that I did not go to America, and that I am Mrs. M'Donnell of the Buckey Farm. But I never tried match-making again.

(From the New York Tribune.)

THE FASHIONS.

THE EARLY SPRING MODES.

France, the gay and beautiful, already catches glints of soft, May sunshine, and sends us prophecies of lovely days to come, in fabrics which seem woven of river mists or the dewy cobwebs on the grass, and dyed with tints that are ravished from her flowers and radiant skies. Here, as yet, we do not feel the bland and irresistible enchantment of the Spring. There is no tender warmth in our clear heavens, and the winds that buffet us blow straight from glittering icebergs. Clouds of our kindred dust swirl along Broadway and make unpleasant overtures of affliction. Thus discourteously entreated, the most liberal theology inclines to dismal views of the world's regeneration, and the most alert gentility finds the milliner's model hollow, and despairingly wears its old bonnet, too depressed to care for new. And Lenten entertainment, indeed, shall be meted to those players of the fantastic Masque of Life who come in doublets of the newest fashion to this melancholy court.

Nevertheless, if one listens to the diapason of the winds at high noon, when the sun is shining, one hears sweet, flute-like murmurs of that vernal Opera of Nature, new every Springtide, whose choruses are songs of birds, and low of cattle, whose appointments are so lavish and so perfect, and whose artists never disappoint.

And as with whatever change of season, scene or circumstance, in the busy round of life, comes the impelling necessity of new feminine attire, learn in due time, dear ladies, what pretty things invite you to wear them, and make your wise selection while the evil days of haste, and fatigue, and moving draw not nigh, when you shall say you have no pleasure in them.

FABRICS.

The prints, percales, and muslins have never been as beautiful as this season. Here are yellows pale as the tassels of the Indian corn, or bright and brave as the dandelion. Lavenders, and violets, and soft, cool grays, and pinks like early June roses are everywhere. A purple flower tossed down on one—a curling feather of brake caught on another—here a little spray of mignonette so perfect that it seems to make the counter fragrant—and there a fringe of mosses or a spray of seaweed. There are diaphanous muslins so fine, so delicate-hued, that they are symbols rather than substances, and in this blue, a blonde might be the incarnate sky, or in that misty white with its arbutus vine, the Spring, herself. There are stripes, of course, because stripes will be the prevailing mode, and these are the least pretty of all. For, lovely as the varied colors are, their fixity and patchiness destroy all grace in the costume, and give that Zebra effect which is objectionable.

REFORM LEAGUES.

In Paris, it is whispered that leagues are formed in the name of Sainte Mousseline to promote a universal and tasteful simplicity of costume. Monsieur Dupin's whip of scorpions has lashed some uneasy consciences into action. We have not that child-like confidence in feminine covenants of abstinence which once possessed us. For we remember the great meeting called at Cooper Institute to which women were entreated to come, and lay their love of dress, a costly sacrifice, on the altar of patriotism. The long line of showy equipages invaded the neighboring streets. Fair dames in stiff brocades and priceless laces swept down the dim staircases and, with hands that flashed with jewels, voted to buy no foreign articles with which they felt they could dispense. Then the shopmen enlarged their phylacteries, and greatly magnified their office, and sold French fabrics as never before.

Any dress reform, dear damsels, must come from the rich, and from the tasteful, and from the young. For poor women, and dowdy women, and fading women will not broaden the line which the bitterly real to be dividing them from their more fortunate neighbors. In this country, where we have no assumed upper classes, a costly wardrobe is the only superficial and external token of position, and a priceless silk, or a superb shawl is to many women what an old name, or a coat of arms on the carriage panel, is to an English dame. How absurd and valueless such a criterion of social standing must be the experience of every day declares. Loitering yesterday at a fashionable jeweler's, a gorgeous lady entered to give orders for a silver breakfast service. In a speech of one minute in length, she made six deadly assaults on the President's English, and closed the conversation by a request that the "tete-tete" set might be sent to her carriage, which splendid equipage waited at the door. Her robe was shining silk; the flounce on her cloak was real lace and priceless, and the clustered diamonds of her brooch tremulously flashed hints of untold revenue in the purse that bought them. It is probable that that glittering lady had kept the decalogue from her youth up, and loved her neighbor as herself. But one could not help a dreadful suspicion that she ate with her knife and audibly sipped her soup, and a censorious world might hint that a little less grandeur and a little more grammar would be a fitter entrance fee at the portals of really good society.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF COSTUME.

Before the war, the possession of a camel's hair shawl was something which the richest women achieved late in a lifetime, and then felt that they had touched the acme of existence. Now you shall count hundreds between Grace church and Canal street, on any sunny afternoon. Fat, and dowdy, and ill-conditioned women assume them till only their inherent and wonderful beauty redeems them from the ban of unpleasant association. We do not mean that there exists between these perfect cashmeres and the wife of a pawnbroker any necessary incongruity. And we would utterly protest against any mode of dress which could look like a badge of station or class.

But the ditcher's frayed hat on the king's head is not more out of place than the king's crown on the low-browed ditcher. And when vulgar women wear garments so noticeable for costliness, or elegance, or gorgeousness as to compel attention, they but advertise their vulgarity. Since it is hopeless to appeal to them, we pray you, fair Aurora, lovely as your celestial namesake—and you, stately Valeria, whom, when you walk, pensive, by the melancholy ocean in the soft Summer nights, the tides mistake for Luna, and follow—and you, exquisite Viola, whose grace would mold armor into soft curves, were you compelled to wear it, and whose beauty could not be quenched by a black domino and mask—you, who have sense, and sentiment, and insight—begin to make dress a fine art and not a vanity, and so shall all thoughtful souls bless you! We cannot afford to become a nation of tailors' and milliners' models. Whether you go to Saratoga, and Newport, and Long Branch, there to find New York again, and live the same empty and whirling, and restless round of days that consume you here, and ask yourselves nightly, as you lie down on your beds to watch the peaceful stars, whether anything in life is worth the

price you pay for it, or flitting to some sweet and quiet nook, among the immovable mountains, or within hearing of the deep and tender sea, the jar and fret of existence are far away, and in a new world you grow childlike and simple—at least go clad in simplicity, and do not offend the homeliness of Nature with the artifices of the town.

THE DEMI-MODE.

It is a sad truth, and one to be heeded, that the women who to-day ordain the prevailing mode in Paris, are not the women whom it is sweet or wise to imitate. To them we owe the bizarre and senseless display of the last few months; the taste for roocco and ugly ornaments; the use of tinsel, cameo, and bullion; the tendency to extravagant and foolish outlay. It is women who can attract and keep the attention of men only through continual surprises of daring toilettes—women without the sweetest womanliness and grace of culture—graduates of a school by no means pure—who study dress as a bad means to a worse end—who are devising the pronounced styles and *outré* shapes at which our belles to-day demur, though certain to-morrow to accept them.

So absolute is this way that reputable wives and mothers have asked admission to the gaudy salons of Mademoiselle Hypolite and Mademoiselle Ninette, that they may understand the potent charms with which these dancing sirens hold the callow hearts of Edouard and Etienne, or the worn-out hearts of Monsieur le Marquis and their Excellencies, the nabobs.

In these days, when hotels and steamboats display such miracles of upholstery and decoration as private fortunes cannot compass; when those accessories of wealth whose only value is the ease and culture they bring, are flaunted by vulgar people as an offensive ostentation; when elaborate and costly dress is the armor and the badge of a class of women who are mercenary, vain, frivolous, and unwomanly, do these possessions seem to you, dear Aurora, things eagerly to be desired? Think, lovely lady, whether the Great Republic may not deserve to hear that her sons are more enslaved to money-getting, her daughters to money-spending, than any nation's. Reflect whether a man may toil for gold, year after year, and not lose something of his manliness; whether a woman may give her time, and thoughts, and care to dress, and visiting, and the pretensions ordering of her household, and not lose something of her womanliness. And when you have reflected, buy the muslin instead of the silk and the grenadine, put the money saved into United States securities, or make any other wise use of it, and be happy.

THE SURGEON'S REVENGE.

I loved her, and she knew it well;
She'd made a careful diagnosis,
And gave me, like a naughty belle,
Her smiles in very little doses.
I sent her notes and tender rhymes,
With bottles of her father's tonic;
And I had told her many times
I loved her—so the case was chronic.

She scorned me. I need hardly say
That oft in anguish I would leave her;
My love would ebb and flow each day,
A sort of intermittent fever.
I used all remedies I knew—
Took stimulants, and then tried ices;
But no refrigerants would do,
The case was one eternal crisis.

I had a rival, woe is me,
The fact I must, perforce, acknowledge—
A Homoeopathist was he—
A wretch who never passed the College.
And though I often called him quack,
He used to say how much I taught him;
But laughed at me behind my back,
With her,—I know it, for I caught him.

We were good friends in outward guise,
For in the village we were fixtures;
And to such heights did friendship rise,
We even took each other's mixtures!
Of that arrangement I'd the best,
His globules were a harmless present;
But the poor fellow oft confessed
My compounds were by no means pleasant.

We used to take long walks with her—
We two who loved her to distraction—
And pleasant smiles her lips would stir,
To us 'twas hardly satisfaction.
When incompatibles agree,
And soda isn't riled by acid,
At that time—not till then—shall we
Agree to love her, and be placid!

So things went on, the end drew near,
They came one morn'—her face was prouder;
He said in fun that he felt queer,
I rose and waved a Seidlitz Powder.
A powder wrapt in papers two
I gave him in the loved one's presence;
He took the white one, then the blue,
And died a death of effervescence!

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